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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Grave of Nell.

"And thenceforth every day and night, the old man waited at her grave for her. The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone!" — *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

The clock from out the ivied tower
Has long since pealed the midnight hour,
The night rolls on, but still alone,
The old man lingers by that stone.

The moonbeams sleep upon the lea,
The stars are winking silently,
But the old man keeps his vigil well
By the lonely grave of *Little Nell*.

The night winds as they sweep along
Would numb the limbs of the hale and strong,
The old man listens to their moan,
Then shivering, nestles by the stone.

The spectral tombs stand thick around,
The yew gives forth her mournful sound,
But their company he loveth well,
For they watch with him by *Little Nell*.

No eye but God's beholds him there
No other ear can hear his prayer,
The only friend his heart had known
Is slumbering beneath that stone.

His fading memory loves to stray
Back to the time, when day by day,
He wandered o'er each hill and dell,
Led by the hand of *Little Nell*.

With her he rose to greet the sun,
And when the painful day was done,
The faithful one who loved him best,
Pillowed his head upon her breast.

Thus dreamed the man of woes; and while
He strove his memory to beguile,
He feels his trembling limbs grow still,
And tumults strange his bosom fill.

His quivering breath is ebbing fast,
A single word his lips has passed,
The faithful name he loved so well,
—He has gone to be with *Little Nell*.

The sun that rose next morn so bright,
As if no sorrow met his sight,
Looked down upon that lowly stone,
And there the old man slept alone. M. Q. C.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Lines.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER

Ah! say not that the beaming eye
May never hide
In its blue depths, from scrutiny,
Care's ceaseless tide;
Yes! though bright rays no less divine
Than round the brows of angels twine,
When sent on mercy's errand down,
From the dark silken lash be thrown;
Yet may some secret torture, deep
Within the breast
Be borne, and eyes that should but weep,
In tranquil seeming calmly keep
The soul's unrest!

Nor deem the cheek may never wear
The bloom of youth,
And yet the spirit of despair
Conceal its truth.
Though the rich rosebud, bursting, throw
O'er no soft damask one pure glow,
And bathe in tints like those that lave
The blushing earth, when sky, and wave
Have caught the sunset's latest beam;
Still may the cheek,
Beneath the blight, more brightly gleam,
While rapidly life's wavering dream
Its close may seek!

Then, though the minstrel's song be gay
And his heart seem
Unknown to care, and thou should'st say,
"One joyous dream
Is his alone!—pain ne'er may cost
One breath his hope's bright flame to waste"
Thou little know'st what secret pang
His soul may bear, what demon fang
His bosom may have inly burst.
Though seeming joy
His brow enwreath—song's rapture burst,
Assuming gladness, though accurst
With grief's alloy.

Philadelphia, 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Triumph of Woman's Love;

BEING THE SEQUEL TO

The Young Wife's Trial.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "KYD," "QUARROONA," ETC.

"Ah, Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt—
—That love had arrows well she knew;
Alas! she found them poisoned too.
BYRON

"Oh can she change who seemed to love so truly?"

The day on which Kemble Powell had decided on making the trial of his loving wife's devotion to gratify the cool nature of his friend Neal Gordon at length arrived. It was evening, and his wife had just dropped the curtains over the windows of the tasteful little "keeping room" where she used to read, sew, and amuse herself with her child. A shade lamp was lighted and placed upon her elegant Indian work-stand, and an air of tasteful comfort pervaded the apartment. Kemble had been absent all day, having sent her word at noon that he should dine out with his friend Gordon. She was now momently expecting him, and her ear was attentive that love might catch the first foot fall upon the marble steps before he rang at the door. At length the long expected bell sounded, but with a harsher and quicker ring than Kemble's, so that while she flew into the hall her heart half feared it might not be him. She lingered therefore, until the liveried footman opened the door, when she beheld her husband and flew to welcome him. She instantly, with the quick jealousy of love, detected a change in his countenance, and he returned the welcoming grasp of her hand with a sad smile that cut her to the heart. She asked him no question, though painfully impressed with the idea of pending evil, but waited until she could be alone with him out of hearing of the servants. He followed her silently into the little room where slept his child in its cradle, and bending over it kissed it while his heart smote him for the cruel part he was preparing to act toward its mother—the dearly cherished and honored wife of his bosom! But Neal Gordon's suspicions had poisoned his own mind, and he felt he could have no peace till the trial was made. After kissing the infant and smiling upon it, he threw himself upon a sofa, and heaving a deep sigh covered his face with his hands. Catharine gazed upon him a few seconds in silent misgiving, and then approaching him softly laid gently her hand upon his arm.

"Dear Kemble, you are ill!" she said in those sweet tones of affectionate solicitude that can only come from a young and fond wife's lips. His treacherous heart smote him; but he remained silent. He felt a destiny nerved him to this fearful trial, and while he worked to avoid it he could not. "Tell me, dearest Kemble, what it is that troubles you; for I feel you have no fever. If it is not illness; it is a mental burden that gives you this unwonted sadness. Speak to me and make me your confidant; perhaps I can administer to your relief! There is," she added, smiling, "a great charm in a wife's necromancy."

"I am not ill, Catharine," he said pressing her to his heart and kissing her brow as if he would atone by affection for the wrong he was meditating. Catharine felt happy at this proof of undiminished tenderness, and all doubts of her having in any way incurred his displeasure were instantly dissipated; for such a suspicion had already begun to disturb her mind.

"Tell me then, Kemble, what ails you! Has any thing happened to you?" she inquired anxiously.

"No, dearest, not to *me*—but to *you*—that is I feel distressed on your account and not on mine."

"What can affect me that cannot also have its effect upon you, dear Kemble! Speak out freely, and be assured *I* shall not shrink from any thing, so it fall *alone* upon me! Speak then and do not heed me. What has occurred? You are not ill—you have not ceased to love me—nor to love your child—for never have you shown more affection to us! What then can make me unhappy. I see within my arm's reach all I love, and know that that *all is safe!* What then have I to fear! Speak, dear Kemble, and relieve your mind from the weight that seems to depress it."

The false husband could not look up to meet the clear open gaze of the eye that sought his own. He felt as if she had become an angel as a judgment upon him; yet his knowledge of her showed her it was nothing more than her own pure and devoted spirit that thus nobly manifested itself. He would have shrunk from his contemplated treachery but could not! He seemed bound by a spell to carry forward his purpose to its issue! He remained silent for a few moments holding her soft white hand in his, while her eyes were fixed with deep and tender interest upon his troubled countenance.

"Nay, Catharine, dear, I cannot grieve you," he at length made a painful effort to say; "you cannot, I feel well assured, receive the announcement I have to make, without its deeply affecting you."

"Oh, speak freely and honestly, Kemble! Fear me not! If Providence hath sent evil upon us he hath also sent us good in our life time, and we ought to be willing to receive the evil also. I have tried to bear the prosperity to which your love has elevated me with the humility becoming the station from which you took me; I shall pray for strength to the same source that has hitherto kept me humble to give me patience to bear adversity; for I fear, Kemble, in these times of great pecuniary vicissitudes, that it is of something of this nature you would inform me. Is it not so?" she asked smiling, and playfully touching his cheek.

"Your penetration, Catharine, has saved me the pain of the communication I have been so reluctant to make. But I am surprised, I confess, at the indifference which you manifest in case your suspicions should be proven to you to be true."

"And are they not true, husband? Now have you any thing more to tell me than that you have lost money in some one of these immense bank failures, and that I must be content to part with some of the luxuries with which your affectionate pride has surrounded me. Truly, now, dear Kemble, is it any thing more or worse?"

"Indeed it is not, Catharine," said Kemble, looking at her serene face with surprise, and in his heart wishing Neal Gordon were present to see her also.

"Then why this sorrow, and reluctance to break it to me?"

"Because, Catharine, I know how a wife living in the style you do, must feel to be told her husband has met with reverses, and that she must remove from her position in society."

"There may be wives, Kemble, who are so selfish that at such a moment they would think more of themselves, perhaps, than of their husbands. You know I am not selfish where you are interested, dear Kemble," she said affectionately; "if this loss you mention is to cause you to change your position from the sphere which both by birth and education you grace and adorn, I shall indeed mourn and deeply feel it. But for myself alone I care not! My sympathies my beloved Kemble would be wholly yours!"

"You speak like an angel, Catharine," said Kemble with animation. "You are indeed a wife to do honor to a husband! It is true I have met with a small loss. The United States Bank stock has been for some time depreciating, and to-day I have sold out at a sacrifice that must render a slight change in our style of living not only proper but necessary. I am indeed sorry on your account, for I shall have to lessen my expenses which are now four thousand dollars a year to twenty-five hundred."

"If you do not grieve, Kemble, at this *I* shall not," said his wife cheerfully.

"But you will have to part with your carriage and horses which I presented you the day after your marriage."

"I will do so cheerfully; we don't need it, Kemble. I ride very little you know, and you never get into it. You will keep your gig and saddle horses."

"No," replied Kemble firmly, being resolved as some atonement to his wife, to punish himself as well as deprive her of her means of enjoyment.

"Then I shall grieve, indeed, for your sake, dear Kemble," she said sadly; and he could not but confess in the bottom of his heart that she felt only for him to the total disregard of herself.

"But John and Thomas, the coachman and footman will have to be dismissed, Catharine," he added, looking at her face like a chirurgeon, who feels the pulse of his patient under a protracted operation of surgery.

"We can do very well with but one man servant, James; and I will keep but one nurse, and dismiss my seamstress."

"Indeed, Catharine, this is too great a sacrifice."

"I do not feel it as such. All the feeling I have has reference to the event of all this upon *you*, dear Kemble. If I knew you would patiently bear this reverse, I should not think it worth speaking about after this moment."

"You are a noble creature, Catharine! I did not know half your worth before. I can't understand how you can be so lightly affected by these melancholy changes in prospect."

"So long as you are left to me and love me, so long as our dear child lives to be the bond of our wedded love, nothing extraneous can make me less cheerful or diminish my happiness. Let us this evening call the coachman and footmen, and the two females, and dismiss them with a month's wages over. To-morrow you can send the horses and carriage to the mart."

"But what will your friends say, Catharine, when they know you have been reduced to sell your carriage!"

"I do not live for them, Kemble, but for *you*. If you can bear it, I have no feeling or thought beyond," she answered with quiet and firm dignity. He felt that he could almost worship her. But the trial was but begun.

Without speaking further, Catharine quietly rose and pulled the bell. Thomas the footman replied to it.

"Thomas send James and George the waiter here, and also ask Hannah and Clara to come to me and return with them yourself."

"Yes, madam," answered the footman, with a low bow, and departed on his errand, wondering what such a message and meeting portended.

"You see, Kemble, I am already preparing to accommodate myself to our new position," she said smiling. "Only keep up cheerful spirits and you will find my happiness, and perhaps your own, does not consist in servants or equipages. Have I your permission to dismiss the servants? It must be a disagreeable duty to you, and I would relieve you from so embarrassing a task."

Kemble could hardly reply for wonder, shame and self-accusation, that he should have been tempted to conspire against so lovely a woman. But he felt that it was now too late to repent, if he would, and yielding himself to the current of circumstances he had set in motion, suffered things to take their course.

The servants now entered, and stood by the door in silence. Kemble turned his face away and took up a book, the leaves of which he occupied himself in carelessly turning over. His wife construed his look of mortification at the part he was playing, for an expression of grief at his loss and prospective change in his condition. She leaned toward him and said soothingly,

"Never mind, Kemble; we shall live much more independently without so many servants. If you could only afford to keep your buggy I should not care! Suppose," she whispered, "you keep James and your buggy, and I will sacrifice my other nurse and jewelry."

He replied quickly by pressing her hand and shaking his head negatively. He despised himself at that moment and cursed Neal Gordon in his heart. But he had gone too far to repent.

"I am, sorry," said Catharine, speaking with sweet dignity, but in her trembling tones, manifesting her sympathy for their situation, addressing the assembled servants, "very sorry to have to inform you that recent pecuniary losses render it expedient for us to reduce our expenses, and, therefore, I shall to-morrow part with my carriage and horses, and so shall need your services, James, no longer. Thomas will also have to seek some other situation, as the chambermaid must try and supply his place. You Hannah and Clara, I shall regret to part with also, but unfortunately I cannot control my wishes in this respect. For the future we must do with the cook, chambermaid and youngest nurse. I will pay each of you a months wages over in the morning when you have leave to depart. I am pained to part with you, for you have all been with me ever since I was married, and have been faithful."

This brief address of their mistress was received by them at first with a surprise that soon lost itself in grief. They wept, both the men and women, and expressed their sorrow more for their master and mistress than for themselves. Kemble was mute with emotion. He felt he had not calculated the amount and vanity of moral suffering his experiment involved. But he could not recede. After they had left the room, he rose and threw himself upon his wife's bosom, and wept for very shame and penitence. He gladly would have knelt at her feet and confessed all! His love and respect for her were increased a hundred fold, and he sunk in the same ratio in his own esteem.

The next morning the four servants were dismissed, and as they left the house, a message from Neal Gordon met them desiring to see them. They called at his residence, when he desired them not to seek places without his permission, he would pay them wages so long as they should be out of place. By twelve o'clock Kemble had parted with his carriage, buggy and horses, and at one o'clock he was seated in Neal Gordon's library, relating to him, in the most animated and effecting manner, the scenes of the preceding evening. Neal listened with apparent incredulity, and with the impotent air of a man who has already anticipated the finale of a tedious narration.

"This is all very nice, Kemble," he said with a cynical curl of his thin lip, as Kemble ended with tears and self-upbraidings; "all very nice doubtless, and all very true! But she has twenty-five hundred dollars a year left yet! It is enough for any genteel family. She has, it is true, parted with her carriage, but how few keep equipages here, and [illegible] they are in a city like this! She will not miss it! She will feel its deprivation most in the sneers and whispers of her ill-loving friends! She has but three servants, it is true, and few rich families here have more. In your small family you don't need any more. She retains her fine house, and all the luxuries of her condition. In fact she has parted with nothing! You have not tried her. From your manner when you went home she had prepared her mind to receive a shock so much greater, that the truth seemed insignificant to her. No wonder she was cheerful. It was that cheerfulness begotten by thankfulness that it was not the half she had foreboded from your long face and ominous hints. It has been no fair test, Kemble;" and Neal Gordon coolly lighted a second cigar at the stump of one he had just smoked up, and then handed a couple of regalias across the table to Kemble.

"You are incorrigible—most cruelly so," said Kemble, with a look of mental anguish. "What further sacrifice shall I make?"

"Reduce your expenses to one thousand dollars, and by so much you reduce her affection," answered Neal Gordon, quietly.

"I will do it, and triumph over your unjust suspicions," answered Kemble with warmth. "Now I have begun I will not stop till you confess, Neal Gordon, that Catharine Kemble is the noblest creature breathing on God's earth. *I am* convinced from the trial I have already made."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed his friend, sarcastically. "You are a husband, and your wife has *mesmerized* you so that you can see only as she *wills*."

"You shall see only as I do yet, Gordon, mesmerism or no," answered Kemble, leaving him, and returning home. On his way his mind was agitated as to the manner in which he should break to her his intention to reduce still lower his expenses. When he had entered the house he had come to no determination, and affectingly embracing his wife, who met him in the hall, looking, he thought, lovelier and more cheerful than he had ever seen her, he suffered her to lead him into her keeping-room now. Seating herself beside him she took his hand, and looking up into his face with a sweet earnest expression, said,

"I am glad, Kemble, for my sake this reverse has occurred; for I feel that I have loved you since last night more than I ever did in my life! But I have been thinking of one thing ——" here she paused as if she knew not how to proceed.

"What would you say, my dearest wife?" he asked, feeling how unworthy of such a woman he had made himself by his sinful compact with his bitter cousin Neal Gordon.

"That with but three servants our house is too large, and I have thought, if you did not feel it, we might save much by taking a smaller house. We could then sell all our rich furniture, and for one quarter of the money furnish a comfortable house better suited to our circumstances."

"But what will the world say?" asked Kemble, delighted, wondering, yet overwhelmed with shame at his baseness. She had anticipated him in every thing! What a triumph had he for Neal Gordon!

"All my world is here—in your affection and my child's love. I know no other, Kemble."

"Incomparable woman! I am indeed a wretch!"

"No, no! You have not brought the change in our circumstances by any folly of your own, dear Kemble! Therefore you have no cause for self-condemnation. Think not of me—if you knew my heart you would not care, so far as I am concerned, how poor you were!"

Kemble was silent with emotion. He felt he had found in his wife "a pearl of great price." At length he told her he must reduce his expenses to one thousand dollars; but it produced in her no other effect than sorrow at this evidence of loss greater than she had been led to believe, and expressions of regret at the change which *he* must feel. It is plain she thought him the sole victim, losing in anticipations of his bitterness all regard for herself.

The succeeding day Catharine went out with him to choose a house and selected a neat two story dwelling in Spruce street near Ninth. With a cheerfulness that surprised him and commanded his respect, she returned home to superintend the removal of her rich furniture, splendid curtains and carpets, when a note arrived from Neal Gordon to Kemble, saying that having heard of his losses and his intention to remove, he would purchase his furniture as it stood, and take the house for a southern family of his acquaintance. Kemble, after reading the note which had already been planned between them, handed it silently to Catharine, who, after reading it, said delightedly,

"How fortunate this is! I must confess I felt a little sorry at the idea of stripping the rooms and sending all the familiar luxuries of our better days to an auction store. Neal Gordon has a kinder heart than I believed he possessed. He has shown great delicacy and feeling in this proposition. Now all we shall have to do will be to purchase plain furniture and move into our new house."

"And don't you even sigh to leave this, Catharine?" asked Kemble, struck by her cheerful and resigned air.

"I *feel* a little, Kemble, in leaving rooms where we have passed so many happy hours together, and parting from objects endeared to both of us by mutual possession. Beyond this I have no feeling. I shall live as happily in our humbler home as I have ever done here, if I thought you, Kemble, could forget."

"But your friends would neglect you. You know what the world is."

"And knowing what it is, Kemble, I have never placed my affections upon it. Happy in your love," she added smilingly, "I shall care for no other world but that of wifely affection."

"Mrs. Linton, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Carden, Mrs. Rainer and all those fashionable acquaintances will refuse longer to speak with you."

"I expect it, Kemble, and am prepared for it. But you having no horses, will be more with me now, and having but one nurse, I shall give my attention more to the babe; and so I and babe at least will be happier and I will try my best to make you so. It is not costly carpets and marble tables, damask hangings and lofty dwellings, servants and equipages, nor the hollow smiles of fashion in which true happiness consists. Removed from poverty (and we certainly are, though reduced) the humblest station is the happiest."

"I know not what to think of you, Catharine," said Kemble, gazing upon her animated and seraphic countenance with love and worship; "till this moment I knew not the half your worth."

The week following, Kemble removed to his new abode. Catharine had preceded him that morning, telling him he must not come *home* until dinner time, when she would be ready for him. In the meanwhile he sought Neal Gordon and reported to him all that had transpired.

"Very well, Kemble," said his cousin; "I must acknowledge she has thus far done better than I anticipated. I should like, however, to see her in her new station."

"Come with me to dinner," said Kemble earnestly; "you shall take her by suprise. If she shows herself illy at all it will be in taking the first possession of her humble dwelling."

"I will accept your invitation; for otherwise my long absence already from your roof, may be construed by her into that contemptible and detestable feeling which leads people to keep aloof from those, who once having been their equals fall from their condition."

Catharine had wished her husband to stay away until she had put every thing in comfortable order for his reception. The cousin arrived and were received by her in a plain neat cap and dress, and with a smile of affection towards Kemble and of welcome towards himself that Neal could not but confess, gave her a lovelier appearance than he had ever seen her wear.

"You are welcome, cousin Neal," she said, extending her hand to him with sweet dignity; "our abode is something humbler than you have been in the habit of finding us in, but I trust you will find no less warm a welcome."

Neal pressed the hand he held in silence and in his heart acknowledged that thus far she had triumphed. He looked round the room. The apartment was small, but wore an air of tasteful comfort. The dinner table was neatly laid in the centre; white curtains hung at the windows; the furniture was plain but handsome; and though there were but two ornaments on the mantle and no pictures, Neal did not miss them. Catharine's gracious and cheerful presence seemed to diffuse a charm throughout that left the eye no room to wander, but towards her. There was but one female servant and but two courses; yet Neal and Kemble both confessed they had never dined better or more satisfactorily. Kemble looked at his wife all dinner-time and thought her an angel, and Neal as he looked at her with admiration thought her a very remarkable person for one of *her sex*.

The dinner passed off pleasantly as we have said, though Neal tried cruelly to test whether Catharine's mind was sensitive with regard to her former style of living; but in every question he put to her was defeated by the calm propriety and serenity of her replies. He found her just the same as in her prosperity, if any thing, more cheerful and happy.

"You will find it a long walk to Chesnut street, and also to church from here, cousin," said Neal, after dinner as he was seated at the window picking his teeth. "You will miss your carriage."

"No, if poor Kemble don't his horses! I prefer walking to riding, and only rode because Kemble would have me. You remember, cousin, I was a country girl and thought nothing of walking five miles in a morning."

Kemble looked at Gordon with a triumphant smile, and the other returned a gratified glance. Yet it was his disposition to probe.

"You can't give parties, very well, here," he said, glancing round the small apartment.

"No, except to Kemble and baby," she said, laughing. "It is large enough to a play with the child, and to dine in—besides, I think small rooms more sociable, and in winter far more comfortable. I anticipate a good deal of comfort here this winter. I have nothing to complain of, cousin, especially as Kemble bears this change in his circumstances so well."

The inquisitor was silent, and soon afterward took his leave, impressed, for the first time, with the power and beauty of female resignation. The following day the cousins met, and Neal expressed both his surprise and pleasure at what he had witnessed the day before.

"I trust now, you are convinced Catharine married me for myself and not for my fortune," said the delighted and triumphing husband.

"No. She has around her comforts and even luxuries. Naturally of a strong mind, she has bent herself to the circumstances that have thickened around her; but there is no proof she did not love your fortune more than you. All she now has, lessened as it is from what it was, is *your* gift; for when you married her, she had nothing. All she enjoys then, is her gain. Compared with her situation a few weeks ago, she is the loser, but contrasted with her condition two years ago, she is infinitely the gainer. There has been, therefore, no fair trial. It is yet to come. Deprive her of some personal comforts. Try her through her self-love."

"It shall be done," said Kemble, bitterly, after walking the room a few moments in agitated silence.

That evening, he returned home and found Catharine waiting tea for him. Affectionately kissing her, (for his love for her increased with the severity of the sacrifice of which he was making her the unsuspecting and innocent victim,) he did not seat himself at the tea-table, but walked the room as if in distress of mind. In a few moments, as he had anticipated, she came and laid her hand, in her affectionate way, upon his arm, and said gently,

"Kemble—what distresses you?"

"Catharine, you will repent you ever united your fate with mine. But two days in this low house, and yet compelled to leave it," he said, as if overcome with sorrow.

"Care not for me—think not of *me*, dear Kemble! What has happened?"

"I have to-day transferred all my property but a mere pittance, to other hands."

"Have you given up your wife—have you given up your boy?—Do not these remain? Why then do you care for it. *I* cannot grieve while my babe and you are still left to me. But my heart is wrung for you, Kemble! Oh God, how will you endure this! Does Neal know of your distresses? He may relieve you!"

"I cannot ask him, Catharine. I must endure it alone!"

"Not alone! I am by your side to cheer, soothe and strengthen you. What do you care for riches! Certainly our joy and hope, our love and happiness do not depend on them. I should love you the same were you beggared, as when you were rich."

"I care not, only from the fear that you may despise me—seeing me poor! That you may cease to love me, when I can no longer gratify your tastes! That you will scorn me, when you are reduced to coarse dresses?"

"Kemble, you do not know me, when you talk thus—you do not know the strength of woman's love in adversity. Like the chamomile, it thrives and is the stronger the more it is trampled into the ground. Tell me your losses—tell me exactly your situation, and do not fear but that I shall cheerfully adapt myself to it. My heart bleeds, but only for you. I feel not for myself—but I could cheerfully die to promote your happiness."

"Catharine, noble woman and wife, God knows I am unworthy of you. You have much to forgive in me when you know all as you shall one day."

"Nay—do not censure yourself. Misfortunes are the lot of our nature; and poverty cometh at the hand of God. Let us submit with Christian resignation, and as link after link is severed from the world, let us link it to Heaven where there is no change or vicissitude."

"Earth is unworthy your presence, Catharine."

"Nay, let us now act. How much have we to live on, Kemble?"

"Enough to furnish a single room, and live as economically as we can."

"I will give up to you all my jewelry, and the presents you gave me before we married. They may be of great service to you, if you are so much reduced!" and without another word she placed in his hands a little ivory box containing all those loved little mementoes and trifling articles which every lady loves to keep by her last of all. "Take them, and by to-morrow I will have all the furniture packed up for sale. I dare say we can find some nice comfortable room that we can hire. I don't want any nurse, and as there are but three of us, I can easily do all the cooking that we need. How well you bear it, Kemble! It is this which is my greatest support, though a woman can bear adversity and the worlds' frowns, I think, better than man."

Kemble could scarcely refrain from giving vent to his emotion at the sublime moral spectacle his noble wife presented. He took her hand, pressed it ardently to his lips, and turned away to hide his afflicting sensations of shame and regret at the part he was playing.

The following week Kemble Powell and his excellent wife, were the inmates of a single apartment in the second story of a two story wooden house in the suburbs of Southwark, about two miles out from Chesnut street. The chamber was meagly furnished with a bed, table and a few chairs. It wore an air of neat poverty. It was evening, and Catharine had just made tea and toast, and set the meal on a half leaf of a side table covered with a snowy napkin. She was dressed in a plain calico frock, her hair neatly laid on either cheek, and her pale face looking paler than usual, but serene and cheerful. In the cradle lay their babe smiling up into Kemble's face, and inviting him to take him up which he did and began to trot him on his knee. Catharine turned upon him a look of love, and said smiling,

"I believe you love both the babe and me better than ever, Kemble; now I know you bear cheerfully this great change in your circumstances, I feel that it is a blessing to me—for we have more of each others society, and I think we are a great deal happier than we ever were before." And she folded both him and her child in a fond embrace, and then invited him to take his seat at their little tea-table.

"Don't you sigh for your past condition—your carriage, servants, costly furniture, house and luxuries," asked Kemble; "do you never regret this great fall, Catharine?"

"On my own account not for a moment," she answered with a sincerity that charmed him. "It is only for you I feel whenever I think of what privations you must suffer, dear Kemble."

"I suffer more, dearest; for the development of your character under these trying circumstances, which repay me for all sacrifices. I would not this trial—I mean misfortune should have happened to us for all that I have parted with. It has proved to me what a gem I have in you?"

Catharine colored, well pleased at the praise of one, the lightest words of approval or censure from whom always deeply affected her; and taking her seat at the table, she said,

"I am thankful for it, in that it has shown me my duty as a wife, and led me to seek in the meditation of another world the true sources of happiness. But will you not agree with me now, Kemble, that *our happiness* did not consist in all we have parted with! Are we not this evening—have you not said so yourself—happier than ever we have been? What have we lost then? Nothing but cares, anxieties, and scenes of temptation and evil. I would rather live thus with you and the baby for my little world, and have so much of your society as you give me here, than as we once did, not seeing you but at intervals, and then both of us being too busy with dinner, horses, and your friends, I with calls, shopping and parties, to know what affection was hidden in our own bosoms toward each other, or whether we really loved one another or not. Now, that our happiness we seek only in each other, we are truly happy are we not, Kemble!"

The penitent, humbled, happy husband in reply, silently drew her to his heart! At this moment a foot was heard on the stairs, and a little girl belonging to one of the other lodgers, unceremoniously threw open the door and said, "a gentleman wants to see Mister Powell."

"It is Gordon," he said, rising and going into the entry from which he returned with his cousin Neal.

Catharine instantly rose and approaching him with the same grace and dignity, the same sweet cheerful smile that had characterized her in her days of prosperity extended her hand and welcomed him. The spy glanced at her bright beauteous face on which no line of care or disappointment could be traced by his eagle eye, and then at her plain gown, and then round the humbly furnished apartment. He spoke not after making these observations of the condition of his victim—for it was his first visit there—but silently seated himself in a chair which Catharine placed for him. She made no apology now as she had done, when he had called after their first remove, but received him, he could not help noting with admiration, as if she still presided in her magnificent drawing-rooms. Kemble's gaze was fixed upon his face with nervous expectation and ill-concealed triumph.

"Sit to the table cousin," said Catharine smiling, as well as speaking the invitation; "we had just sat down to tea as you came in."

Neal took a chair beside her, and as she poured out the tea, watched her with a silent wonder and admiration that he could not disguise from the delighted Kemble.

"You have a small room here, Kemble," said Neal at length, with a well-assumed sneer. "How do you live in such a sty?"

Catharine colored at this apparent rudeness, and her heart ached for Kemble lest he should feel it, and instantly replying with calmness and dignity she said,

"Kemble has not complained, cousin Neal, only on my account. He thinks not of himself."

"And how do you like these quarters? No curtains I see—bed room—parlour and kitchen all in one! No carpet but a rag! This is quite a contrast to your former style, Mrs. Powell."

"We are very happy here," answered Catharine with gentleness.

"Do any of your old friends call on you here?" he inquired ironically.

"All our *friends* have called—but we find the number so small that we must confess," she added with a smile, "you are the only one that represents them cousin."

"What a pity, you, who are so well calculated to shine in society and adorn your sex, should have married my poor unfortunate cousin Kemble here!"

"If my late position in society only fitted me for Kemble while he was rich, cousin Neal, I feel that I cannot be too grateful for the reverse of fortune that has shown me that he is so dear to me poor."

"And do you pretend, cousin, that you love Kemble as much now as you did when you kept your carriage, and his purse administered to your every wish?" asked Neal, but half converted.

"If I did not know you to be a bachelor, cousin Neal, and therefore wholly ignorant of our sex, I should be surprised at such a question from your lips. I love Kemble more for his misfortunes—and the lower he has fallen in the eyes of the world, the higher has my love elevated him!" And here the fond and noble wife cast a glance of affection at the happy Kemble, which Neal could not help seeing and confessing came from a pure and ingenuous heart.

At length they rose from the table, and Neal took his leave, pressing the hand of Mr. Powell, and bowing to her with more sincere respect than in his cold nature he had ever before shown to an individual of the sex.

"And now what think you?" inquired Kemble, elated, as they walked down to the door together.

"That she is one of the noblest and loveliest creatures on earth, or—

"Or what?"—gasped Kemble, feeling his heart sink.

"Or a consummate and most finished hypocrite!"

Neal Gordon, you are a demon!" cried Powell, angrily.

"Nay—be calm, cousin! You have gone thus well! Make one more trial, and if her love for you stand this last test, I will be her slave.

"Name it!"

"You must go to prison for debt!"

"To prison?"

"Yes. You must be degraded in *her* eyes! I would have the perfect trial gone through."

"But how can I be disgraced in her eyes, and not in the world's.

"Easily. The world knows not of your apparent change of fortune; the impression, whatever it was at first, now being through my agency, that you have broken up your establishment, and are travelling. You have gone out nowhere, and no one knows you are in the city. We alone are the parties to this. To-morrow I will have a carriage sent here with a man, who shall act as an officer. He shall take you to a cell in Moyamensing, on a writ for debt. You shall remain there but a few hours,—and according to the effect upon your wife, shall be the issue of our conspiracy."

Kemble was indignant at first, but having gone so far, and confident Catharine would triumph in the end, he was unwilling to refuse this last trial, severe as it was, and he consented.

The next afternoon, in a cell in Moyamensing, sat Kemble Powell. At his feet was seated his young wife with her babe in her arms. Traces of tears were upon her cheek, but her face was calm—and as she discoursed with her husband, her voice was gentle and her air resigned and elevated with moral strength. All the seeming evil that surrounded Kemble was to her *real!* She saw that he bore it with an even mind, and wondered while she was grateful. Of herself, she thought not: all her soul was lost in him. He felt this! He was convinced she had no other life than his; that love and devotion to him were her very existence.

Suddenly the bolt drew back, and the jailor ushered in Neal Gordon. His heart smote him for his cruelty, as he looked upon the serene picture of the noble wife's devotion to her husband. She looked up and smiled, and extending her hand welcomed him with the same sweet dignity and beautiful propriety, that in all her adversities had never deserted her. He *was conquered!* He felt in his heart the power and dignity of virtue—the moral sublimity of a devoted wife's affection! He could have knelt down at her feet and asked her forgiveness! In his spirit he bowed before her own and acknowledged her empire—the supremacy of the sex's affections over that selfishness which he had believed to be its distinguished character!

Kemble looked up at his face and beheld a tear glittering in his eyes. Catharine referred it to sympathy, but Kemble knew it was the emotion of a subdued and conquered spirit—naturally noble but dashed by prejudices. The cousin's pressed each other's hands in silence, and both were nearly overcome. As they looked at the angelic victim of their plot, shame, regret and humility filled their bosoms. But Kemble's sorrow was qualified not only by his pride and triumph, but by the consciousness of having it in his power to reward Catharine's constancy, affection and noble spirit by restoring her to all of which she had been deprived.

"Are you convinced?" whispered Kemble to Gordon.

"More than convinced. I expected no more than this from what I yesterday witnessed; yet I wanted the trial before I could wholly yield. At the door is a carriage awaiting you, sweet cousin," he added, turning to Catharine; "your husband is released."

"And through your generous assistance?" she said, taking his hand.

"No, no—not mine! But I must go—I will call and dine with you both!" and with these parting words Neal Gordon hastily left them to hide his tears from his lovely victim.

The jailor then told them they were at liberty, and escorted them to a hackney coach at the door. Kemble got into it with his wife and child, feeling as if every moment he could fall at her feet and worship her. On the way he bade the driver pass through —— street, in which he once lived.

"No, no—Kemble, do not," said Catharine with a look of pain for himself; "you cannot pass your own house without feeling unhappy! Let the coachman turn aside. What could cousin Neal mean by dining with us to-day," she added pleasantly as if to divert his attention; "when I am not certain we are to have any dinner ourselves or have any house to eat it in! But this little troubles me, Kemble! If it were not for what I endure on your account, thinking how you must suffer, I believe I should be as happy in a prison as you and my child were with me, as in our former gorgeous mansion. But don't, I beg of you, let him drive by it, Kemble. I know you are too sensitive to see it."

"I have a singular fancy to look at it once more," he said smiling. "Do not fear! I shall bear it better than you think."

They now approached Neal's residence which lay in the way to the house, and Kemble looking out of the back window said he could see that somebody was at Gordon's door with the very carriage and horses he had sold.

"Oh, then do not drive past—for *your* sake, dear Kemble! you can never endure it!"

"Never fear! Driver stop at this house! Catharine, dear, let us go in and call on cousin Neal."

"I should be glad to thank him, Kemble, for his visit to the prison—but not now."

"You *feel* about the carriage then, oh, Catharine?" he said smiling.

"Only for your own sensitiveness, Kemble," she answered. "But it is perhaps, best, you should get hardened to these things which you *must* meet with."

The hack drew up behind the magnificent equipage with its liveried coachman and footman. Catharine now looked out at a remark from Kemble, and saw that it was James and Thomas. Kemble watched her countenance, but it betrayed no emotion save a reproving glance at himself for needlessly thrusting himself in the way of receiving in his fallen condition unpleasant impressions.

"You may go," said Kemble to the hackman. Thomas is Mr. Gordon in?"

"No, sir; he has gone to your house," answered the footman lifting his hat as he stood by the open door of the phaeton.

"Kemble, are you deranged! They will insult you! Come with me and let us return to our lodging we left this morning. Perhaps Mr. Gordon is there!"

"Then we will ride!" said Kemble pleasantly. "Thomas let down the steps."

Catharine now really believed Kemble's senses had taken leave of him, and taking him by the arm she would have drawn him forcibly away, while her heart bled with anguish for him. But he kindly took her hand and led her to the carriage, and taking the babe from her arms, handed it into its former younger nurse who sat there smiling to receive the little fellow who put out his chubby arms to her as if he recognised her. Catharine was astonished and bewildered with surprise, under the benumbing influence of which Kemble assisted her into the carriage, followed her himself; and Thomas putting up the steps and closing the door, got up behind while the carriage rolled smoothly and rapidly away in the direction of Kemble's former abode. For a few seconds Catharine was mute with surprise. At length finding speech she took both Kemble's hands in hers and entreated him, if he loved her, to explain what all this meant. Her eyes wandered from their coarse dresses to the sides of the richly lined and cushioned carriage, from the babe to her recovered nurse, and for a moment she believed herself in a twofold dream which strangely mingled the present with the past.

"Be patient, sweet wife," said Kemble, kissing her. "A few moments will explain all. We are now at the door!"

"Surely you are not going to complete this madness, Kemble, by going into your former house! It belongs to strangers!"

Kemble gave her no time for reflection! The door was opened, the steps dropped, and he assisted her to the pavement, and up the steps to the lofty portico of her own dwelling. She drew back and followed only because she believed him beside himself and needed her protection. She looked behind, and the nurse came with the child, and she became more bewildered still.

Before Kemble could ring at the door it was opened by George, the old waiter, who looked as happy as possible as he bowed low, and welcomed his master and mistress back again. Catharine now believed herself dreaming in reality. Kemble conducted her through the hall into the drawing-room, where Neal Gordon stood to receive them. She glanced around the room and beheld every thing precisely as she had left it. Even the ivory casket of jewels she had given up to her husband in their extremity, lay open upon the centre table, and her work table, and a hundred other little luxuries that she had once called her own, stood as if she had parted from them but yesterday. Before he could judge correctly of her condition and her waking relation to all around her, Neal Gordon approached her, and taking her hand cast himself at her feet. If before she was astonished she was now amazed.

"I *must* speak!" she cried, with bewildered energy; "Kemble, cousin! explain! What is all this! Speak or my brain will fail me!"

"You, dear madam," said Neal, with ardent respect, as he knelt at her feet, "you who have proved yourself so well able to endure adversity, need not fear that you will be overcome by prosperity. You are now, sweet cousin, not only mistress of this house but of my heart as well as your husband's! Know, dearest lady, that all you have gone through has been planned and wickedly contrived by me with Kemble's reluctant consent to test your love for him, and to prove if woman's affection can outlive adversity, and will choose the happiness of another rather than its own. Your husband so far from being poor is richer, perhaps, than he ever has been—but richer, richer far indeed in the possession of a woman whose virtues are a treasure the mines of India could not purchase. Instead of parting with his property to creditors, he has only transferred it to me in safe keeping until the trial which has so triumphantly terminated should be ended. I have this morning, therefore, restored the whole to him as I received them in trust. Now, permit me, dear madam, to express to you my deep humiliation at the part I have taken in this conspiracy against one who has not only proved herself so virtuous and noble, but in the trial won my proudest respect and admiration. I have no words at command, sweet lady, to express to you how much I honor you. In one word let me say you have enlisted me as the defender of your sex, inspired me with a higher and nobler opinion of the human race, and while you have made me your slave, you have converted your husband into a worshipper. I have now only to solicit your kind forgiveness, and while I plead your clemency for myself, I crave its exercise in favor of my cousin Kemble also; who, I confess, would not have been guilty of such wickedness toward you but for the subtleness of the temptation with which I assailed his love for you! for it is justice to him to state that if he had not loved you so devotedly I should never have operated as I have most cruelly done upon his jealous affection!"

"Yes, dearest Catharine," said Kemble throwing himself at her feet, "I have basely wronged your devoted love and can only crave your sweet forgiveness equally with my cousin Neal."

"You both have done me a great wrong," said Catharine after the first emotion of surprise had subsided; "and God has mercifully guarded me amid dangers and snares I never dreamed were set for my feet! But I forgive you—though alas! if I had failed—faltered, what fearful result would have ensued to me, I dare not contemplate."

"Do you freely forgive me, fair cousin?" asked Neal, bending his tearful face over the hand he held.

"Truly," she answered with a frank smile.

"And your false and treacherous husband, also?" asked Kemble with emotion.

"Nay, Kemble, I will suspend my forgiveness over your head, to be bestowed by and by only on good behavior," said the noble wife smiling—as noble in forgiving as noble in suffering.

From that day Kemble adored his incomparable wife who, restored to prosperity, conferred honor rather than received it, upon the elevated sphere in which she moved only to be admired and loved. The next year, Neal Gordon having discovered a beautiful woman whom he thought could make him as good a wife as any one who was not in reality his married cousin Catharine, led her to the altar; thereby publicly sealing his testimony to the truth which the "Wife's Trial" had led him to acknowledge, that true affection, unalloyed by regard for self, finds its home only in the devoted breast of woman.

From the Boston Quarterly Review

Shelley's Poetry.

It is not to be denied, that the poems of Shelley are justly chargeable with a considerable degree of obscurity. This arises, in a measure, from the fact, that they have little claim on the ordinary, every-day feelings of our nature. They do not come home at once to every man's business and bosom. You hear a song of Burns and are held in charmed attention to the end, for it is a stream of melodious affection gushing from the depths of one human heart, and finding its counterpart in every other. You open a volume of Mrs. Hemans, your eye is arrested, and your mind follows that of the poetess, bound to it by the sympathy of a common joy or sorrow. You can read Scott with ease, for his poetry is but a rhymed narrative of thrilling incidents, or a description of external beauties, natural or artificial. Shelley's, however, is the poetry of intellect, rather than of sentiment. It appeals to reason, more than to passion. To be properly understood or felt, it must be read with careful attention. This, in our newspaper age, when most men seem like students in a law-office, to measure their proficiency by the number of pages they have skimmed over in a given time, is an insurmountable obstacle to extended popularity. Few can be found who will sit down with patient diligence, and peruse and ponder over an author till they feel his soul transfused into their own, see his visions, kindle with his aspirations, and glow with his enthusiasm. Yet until this can be generally done, Shelley cannot be generally known. Whoever does it will be amply repaid for all his trouble; for, when he has caught the spirit of the author, he will be like one who, toiling in rude mountain passes, comes suddenly upon a valley with crystal streamlets, redolent of all sweet flowers and vocal with the song of birds.

The distinguishing feature in Shelley's mental constitution was the imaginative power in its highest and purest degree. This was the dominant faculty of his mind, and all the rest were, more or less, subjected to it. It has been well remarked, that the man of genius always continues to resemble the child in this;—that ideality is the very life of life, the most trifling object or incident taking part in some imaginary train of romantic action or feeling. This was curiously exemplified by our poet's abiding fondness for certain amusements considered appropriate only to childhood. He had always a passion for the water, and when at college, and even after, would linger for hours near a pool or stream, twisting pieces of paper into the likeness of boats, and regarding them with intense delight as they floated over its surface. Ridiculous as this may appear to some, it gives us a clue at once to the character of the poet, and some peculiarities of his poems. A large portion of his most striking and beautiful imagery is derived from the water in its various states of repose or agitation, from the majesty of ocean to the rippling brook, or even the putrid marsh. It is probable that many if not most of these struck his fancy, as he watched his tiny fleet, each of which might seem to his excited imagination

"A boat of rare device, which had no sail
But its own curved prow of thin moonstone,
Wrought like a web, of texture fine and frail;"

or that pink and veined shell, in which bending gracefully, while its delicate colors glowed in reflected light on her joyous face and heaving bosom, Aphrodite was borne over the dancing billows, and first touched the golden sands of Cyprus. His imagination revelled among the most brilliant conceptions. He could invest every object in nature with beauty and interest, and "cast the shadow of his own greatness" over all that surrounded him. The words prefixed to his Epipsychidion, and there ascribed to the lady to whom the poem is addressed, are emphatically applicable to himself—"L'anima amante si slancia fuori del Creato, e si crea nel infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro." Activity and fertility of imagination, combined with delicacy of apprehension and the ability to observe minute resemblances and discrepancies, have caused his writings to abound with varied imagery. This is, for the most part, just and beautiful, but not unfrequently too abundant. Metaphor is sometimes piled upon metaphor and simile upon simile, until the mind is confused, bewildered, lost amidst the shining throng. In a few instances, the thought seems to be crushed and buried beneath the superabundance of illustration. Whole passages seem more like store-houses of imagery laid by for future use, than portions of a finished poem. It appears as if the thick-coming fancies had crowded upon him with a power he could not resist. Numerous examples of this may be seen in that singular production already referred to, Epipsychidion.

But he is remarkable for the character of his imagery as well as its quantity. Very frequently his meanings are too remote, his allusions not readily followed, and his illustrations are to be satisfactorily comprehended only by those who, in the language of a contemporary poet, "can put on wings of the subtlest conception, and remain in the uttermost parts of idealism." He delights in the personification of abstract ideas, and uses it more boldly than perhaps any other writer in our language, except Young. Certain often-quoted and discussed passages of the latter, as, for instance, that in the first Book of the Night Thoughts,

"Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn
I keep an assignation with my Wo,"

always have been, and perhaps always will be, a bone for critics to gnaw at. The same thing will obtain with regard to numerous expressions in Shelley, especially in Adonais, which colder spirits will deem over-fanciful and extravagant, while those who can follow his excited train of thought will consider them exquisitely apt and true. He had also a disposition to use external objects, not as similes, but impersonations, whence arises one of his chief peculiarities as a descriptive poet. Many of these ideas are seized with difficulty by those who have less vivid conceptions than the author, but when seen so be doubtless saw them, they strike us with their wonderful sublimity, as in the following daring attempt to embody the sensation of elevating awfulness experienced in a stormy night among mountains, when our souls seem to hold communion with the elements, and the giant shapes of the outward world.

"The Appenine by the light of day,
Is a mighty mountain, dim and gray,
Which betwixt the sea and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Appenine walks abroad with the storm."

If this be, as it has been denominated, night-mare poetry, it would be well if the effusions of others of our bards contained more of this "stuff that dreams are made of." Another passage, showing the same tendency, is the following.

"The pale stars are gone!
For the Sun, their swift shepherd
To their fold them compelling
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond the blue dwelling,
As fawns flee the leopard."

This disposition is perceived yet more distinctly in those pieces, where the incidents are of a supernatural character, as the Triumph of Life, and especially the translation of the *Walpurgisnacht* scene from Goethe's Faust, which some have pronounced untranslatable, but to which he has done ample justice, and even rendered more wild and weird than the original.

Analogous to this is another peculiarity, to which he himself alludes in the preface to Prometheus Unbound. "The imagery which I have employed," says he, "will be found in many instances to have been drawn from the operations of the human mind, or from those external actions whereby they are expressed." Poets ordinarily employ material objects to represent or illustrate the phenomena of life and mental action, while Shelley does the reverse. He either makes these phenomena attributes of the material object, or uses them to typify those things which were originally their types. Thus, the autumn leaves have been used, from the time of Virgil, to symbolize the fleeting-by of ghosts. With Shelley, it is the leaves which "like troops of ghosts on the dry winds pass." The same figure is repeated in a modified form in the Ode to the West Wind, for it is not uncommon to meet a favorite simile repeated in several portions of his works.

"Thou wild west wind! thou breath of autumn's being!
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes!"

The half-detached rock, tottering to its fall, and impending over the head of one fastened to the spot, has been often employed to represent the horrors of a guilty conscience and anticipated punishment. Shelley makes the terror and the agony reside in the rock itself, and illustrates them by a comparison of the kind just alluded to.

"There is a mighty rock,
Which has from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself, with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, from hour to hour,
Clings to the mass of life."

Another example of the same kind is as follows:

"Our boat is asleep on the Serchio's stream,
Its sails are folded, *like thought in a dream*."

But the most striking and powerful passage of the kind is the following sublime description of an avalanche.

"Hark, the rushing snow!
The sun-awakened avalanche, whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake, in Heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their base, as do the mountains now!"

Shelley appears to have written with great labor, the rich fulness of conception struggling with the poverty of expression. A number of pieces remain in a fragmentary condition, where the poet appears to have sought in vain to fix the fancies that crowded upon his mind, the key-word to the whole, being sometimes absent. This difficulty might have been overcome in a measure, as experience made him more familiar with the details of his art. For herein lies the true secret of art and use of practice;—that the artist shall acquire such readiness in giving a palpable form to his conceptions, as to keep them vividly before his mind, instead of losing them in attention to the vexatious minutiae of the process. An uninstructed painter may have present to his mind the idea of a picture, as perfect in its distinctness, softness, and harmonious beauty, as ever grew beneath the pencil of Raphael, yet he cannot transfer it to the canvass because it fades from his view while his attention is distracted by the labor and embarrassment consequent upon an imperfect knowledge of the art. So it appears to have been with Shelley. In reading many of the fragments mentioned you have an apprehension of some huge, indistinct, but sublime conception, which the writer has in vain sought to express, and abandoned in despair. So in many of his poems, which are marked by ruggedness and want of polish, the question appears to have been, which should be sacrificed, thought or expression. Neither would he impair the energy and strength of a first reading by strict reviewing and alteration. "I appeal," says he, "to the greatest poet of the present day, whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labor and

"essay." (Essays, I. 56.) Still, the finest passage evidently told be written by him who, with equal faculties, has the greatest facility in writing, and can clothe a noble sentiment at once in a dress that will [illegible]

His versification [illegible] In some parts, as, for instance, in Prometheus Unbound and Hellas and some of the minor poems, it flows in a stream of [illegible] melody. To read them is like listening to a strain of rich, sweet music, so entirely is the harmony of the metre, and so well does it correspond with the sentiments expressed. Too frequently, however, his style is rude, and his verses, although accurately measured according to rule, rather harsh. In framing many of them he appears to have attended only to the division of his lines into the requisite number of feet, without regard to their musical intonation, thereby bringing several consonants together in such a manner as to render the pronunciation rough and difficult, concluding a line in the middle of a sentence in an unusual manner, and in some instances requiring an accent on syllables other than those ordinarily accentuated. He has written in almost every measure of which our language is capable, and with varied degrees of success. His blank verse is generally marked by a noble Doric simplicity and chasteness of finish. The lofty sounding lines correspond admirably with the full stream of exalted sentiment, intense feeling, and sublime imagery which they convey. In the Spenserian stanza he was less happy, and has not often been able to produce those strains of mingled sweetness and grandeur into which it has been wrought by Byron. In some of his minor poems, as the Triumph of Life, Prince Athanase, and others, he has employed the "terza rima" of the Italians, which Byron has used in his Prophecy of Dante, and which he seems to have considered himself the first to introduce into English poetry. In this measure the thought and imagery are almost necessarily carried on from line to line in accumulative succession, and it is, therefore, well adapted to Shelley's peculiar powers. One idea or illustration inclosing another in close connection and interlacing, leaving the mind to pause until it arrives at one of the complete divisions which occasionally occur. The [illegible] of Athenians smoothly in the verse of Pulci, which Byron has made immortal in Beppo and Don Juan. The lyrics, scattered throughout his dramas and among his fugitive poems, show how complete a master of his art he was, when leisure or the humor of the moment led him to exert his powers. There can be no doubt that most of his poems would have displayed a higher degree of polish, had he been spared to give them a more careful and thoughtful revision in later years.

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Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by back balances. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

The State Debts.

The financial condition of many of our States is most deplorable. They are—to use a common phrase—over head and ears in debt. Flushed with a consciousness of their own wealth, they have gone on for a series of years, spending lavishly on State works and other projects, until the treasures of the community have not only been wasted, but the commonwealth left without funds. To extricate themselves from these difficulties the States have resorted to loans, in some cases a commendable expedient, but often leading to increased extravagance. This game, continued for years, has terminated almost in bankruptcy. Not Pennsylvania only, but her sister commonwealths, have, by these means, plunged themselves into financial difficulties, from which it will take years, perhaps generations, to rescue them. The evil is so wide-spread as to be almost national. While the Federal Government has liquidated all, or nearly all her debt, the States are involved to the extent of hundreds of millions. It is folly therefore to say the country is out of debt. In our national capacity, every one will admit, we may be so; but as a community, we are mortgaged for the payment of hundreds of millions, the interest on which comes most now, and the principal itself must hereafter, be discharged by the labor and capital of our people. Why are we so deeply involved? Why are such abortive attempts made to liquidate our debt? The inquiry may be useful, it is certainly appropriate.

The causes of our involvement may be comprised in a sentence, "we live too freely." As a community we spend more than we can afford. One man here, and another man there, may live far within his income, but the great mass of the people transcend their means. We are in the position of a young spend-thrift, who is consuming his estate by a career of extravagance. Luxury riots in our midst. Ostentation walks in jewelled tiara in our cities. The homely but serviceable attire of our fathers, who were, perhaps, quite as rich as ourselves, is discarded, and French silks and Indian muslins are flaunted by our women, while the men strut to and fro, like peacocks, in gaudy velvet waistcoats. All conditions alike ape this show. Every class indulges in the extravagance. The servant will poach herself of the necessities, in order to afford the luxuries of life. The fine lady will throw a poor man's living away on a fancy shawl, or a new cloak. No matter what may be one's income, it is too often exceeded. The consequences are plain. Our insolvent lists are like the roll-call of a regiment. They contain too those who have been rich, as well as those who have been poor, and that in almost equal proportions. And the result may be noted also in the drain of specie to pay for importations, and the monetary difficulties that convulse the land. We have not space to discuss this portion of our subject fully at present, but shall avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to enter on the matter. We will merely say that both political parties are wrong on the subject,—and that the real, though not proximate cause of the drain of specie, is the extravagance of the people. Correct that evil, and you remove the chief causes of bankruptcy. Let us once more be solvent, and we shall fear no drain.

The state debts indeed are to be directly charged on our internal improvements, but the very rage for such works—often unnecessary—arises out of this spirit of extravagance. The same spirit of extravagance prevents the liquidation of the debt. Men are unwilling to be taxed; they require all they earn to supply them in luxuries. These men forget that the commonwealth is but a partnership in which every citizen has a share—that its debts are their debts—and that its dishonor is their dishonor. Under such a view of the question what is the duty of the citizen? Certainly not to evade the payment of the state debt—certainly not to increase it by loans for the payment of interest. The true course is to meet the interest by taxes, in which every man should bear his share. We all are indebted to the commonwealth for the security of our persons, and the protection of our property. We enjoy, as republicans, extraordinary privileges. Shall we not pay for them? Let us then consider the debts of the commonwealth as our own, and contribute each man according to his substance to save her from dishonor. We can do this easily if we retrench. Let us be less extravagant, both as a state and a community, and the work is done.

A False Arrest.

Some excitement arose in our city a week or two since owing to the arrest of Dr. S. S. Fitch, one of our most respectable citizens, on a requisition from the Governor of Connecticut, to answer the charge of forgery, said to have been committed seventeen years ago. We did not at the time allude to the matter, for we felt unwilling to wound the feelings of a family on a bare surmise, and the more unwillingly on account of the assertions of innocence by the Dr.'s friends. As we anticipated, the charge has been utterly refuted, and he is again in this city with his friends and family. The following card makes the subject conclusive:

"Dr. Samuel S. Fitch was a day or two since brought into this State, by virtue of a warrant granted by Governor Porter, of Pennsylvania, under a requisition by the Governor of this State, on a charge of forgery, alleged to have been committed some sixteen or seventeen years ago. He called upon the undersigned to assist him as his counsel. A prosecution was instituted against him and he was brought before a Court of Inquiry, when the prosecuting officer having, as we suppose, satisfied himself by inquiry that the prosecution was *entirely groundless*, abandoned it without calling a witness.

Signed, CHAS. HAWLEY,
Lieut. Governor of the State.
JAMES C. LOOMIS.
D. H. BELDEN.

Danbury, Connecticut, Oct. 7, 1841."

True Criticism.

It is the cant of the day to say that no critics exist in America. We deny the assertion—it is a wanton slander. So far as true criticism is concerned—we mean [illegible] The origin of [illegible] attributed to Lord Kaimes. [illegible] The true critic scorns who did not pronounce on a book from mere whim, but from the application of certain fixed rules. Like a surgeon he dissected a work before he gave an opinion on its structure. Like a chemist he analyzed a book before he hazarded speaking of its component parts. He applied the test to detect the worth of the production. Germany has produced such critics in abundance, but the fault of that school is to be too metaphysical. Our own country has more than one critic of this stamp, but England is radically deficient in them. It may seem heresy to say that her huge Quarterlies abound with essays, but contain few real criticisms. Yet so it is. The Edinburgh Review is the first of its kind—let us examine its claims to aesthetical criticism.

This journal is often spoken of by persons who know it only at second hand. It was first projected by a few needy lawyers, with more talent than cash, and more wit than either. Its contemplated motto sets forth with Attic spice the history of its conductors—"*tenui musam meditamur avena.*" Its critical creed may be parodied from the old miser's dying advice to his son, "*Be witty, honestly if possible, but be witty.*" Accordingly we find that the earlier numbers of that Review are distinguished by spicy, though unjust tirades against books now universally praised; and by eulogies on works long since forgotten. Neither Jeffries nor Smith—the two leading critics of the journal—understood their art as an *art*. They were excellent at ridicule—they were strong on constitutional law—they pursued a dashing, brilliant enticing style. But neither pretended to aesthetical criticism. They never thought of analyzing a work. They judged no production according to any given rules of art; but they lauded or condemned it, often unjustly, and always from whim. All the great poets of which this century has been so fertile were laid on its Procrustean bed, were tortured by its rack, were burned at its *auto da fe*. Wordsworth and Southey were told their poetry "would never do," Scott's Marmion was met with a hostile review, Coleridge fared little better, Moore had nothing to boast of at its hands, and from even Byron Jeffrey tried to cast out the evil spirit, though he found to his cost that there soon returned to torment him seven devils worse than before. Indeed the whole history of the Edinburgh Review is a history of misplaced wit and short-sighted criticism. No one now reads the writings of Jeffrey, or even Smith, to arrive at a just opinion of any given work. We peruse them as we peruse the writings of Junius, more for the wit and style than for the matter.

So it is too, in a great measure, with the later contributors to the Edinburgh. We will take Macaulay as an example, both because he is thought a great critic, and because he is fully equal to any of his predecessors. That he holds a brilliant pen—that he is thoroughly at home in English history—that he has dived deep into Italian literature—and that generally he is a scholar, a fine stylist, and a man of taste we will at once admit; but having admitted this, we must be allowed to say that Macaulay is, by no means, the thorough critic he is usually imagined to be by those more acquainted with his name than with his writings. He discusses his subjects too much like an advocate, and too little like a judge—and to our mind a critic should resemble the latter rather than the former. Excepting Macaulay's articles on Milton and Bacon, what has he written that may be called critical?—and even of Milton and Bacon he has said less than of the times in which they lived. His paper on History is perhaps the least objectionable on this point. His review of Ranke's History of the Pope—his article on Hallam's Constitutional History—his discussion of Nugent's life of Hampden, and a dozen other papers we might name, are rather elegantly written historical essays, bold, masterly sketches of the men, manners and spirit of the age, than criticisms on the works they profess to dissect. In short, Macaulay is a brilliant writer, bold, sketchy, and declamatory, full of antithesis, burning with eloquence, capable of seizing and presenting the strong points of his case, a historian, an advocate, a warm partisan, a writer of unrivalled tact, but less a critic than an essayist. If any man doubt us, let him take down this writer's Miscellanies, read them carefully through, and endeavor to pick out new ideas on literature. He will then find his error. He will own that the brilliancy of the style, and the amazing historical knowledge displayed, have blinded his eyes to the scanty nature of the criticisms on books and literature. He will admit that Macaulay *the great English critic*, is scarcely any critic after all.

Death of Mr. Payne.

Mr. Payne, who, it will be recollected, was the affianced lover of Miss Rogers, has been found dead.

His body was discovered on Friday, the 8th inst. near the place where the unfortunate girl was murdered. An inquest was instantly summoned, when a verdict was found of "Death by Congestion of the Brain," brought about by exposure and irregularity of living, incident to aberration of mind.

The brother of the deceased gave the following testimony on the inquest.

"The deceased was strongly attached to Mary Rogers. Since her death he has been moody, and as witness thought, not exactly in his right mind. He has not been habitually intemperate. Witness had only seen him in liquor once during the last three years. On Thursday of the present week he dined at home. He appeared melancholy, and as though he had been drinking a little. Witness had not seen him after dinner on that day, until he saw his dead body."

In regard to the time and manner in which the deceased came by his death, a Dr. Griswold, of New York, testified that he was walking with a friend along the gravel path toward the grotto at the point, when they saw a man prostrate upon one of the seats by the way side, near where the body of Mary Rogers was found.

His head was down upon the gravel, and his legs across the bench. He ran and raised him up—saw he was near his end—observed a convulsion of the chest. He died in two or three minutes. He had no hat on, but an old chip hat lay near him. (This hat was produced.)

While another witness was under examination, but testifying to no material point, additional interest was created by the arrival of two young men from the spot where it is supposed Mary Rogers was murdered, bringing with them a hat, a white pocket handkerchief, and the fragments of a vial, the body of which yet contained a few drops of laudanum. It was labelled laudanum, from Place Souillard's.

Mr. Payne at once identified the hat as belonging to his brother. He purchased it in Chatham street; and it had the crape which the deceased had placed upon it in mourning for Mary Rogers. Of the handkerchief the witness knew nothing.

Mrs. Loss, the landlady of "Nick Moore's House," testified positively that the deceased was not the man whom she saw at her house with Mary Rogers on the 25th of July. That man was both younger and smaller than the deceased.

The strangest feature in this tragic story, is the fact that the hat and handkerchief were perfectly dry when found. It had rained, as all know, nearly all day, and much in the night.

Among the papers found on the body were the following lines, written in pencil:

"*To the world:—Here I am on the spot: God forgive me for my misfortunes in my misspent time.*"

Previous to his death, Payne had been seen, for several days, wandering, haggard, penniless, without food or lodgings, around in the vicinity of Weehawken.

A Strange Execution.

In the year 1836, a sow ate part of the child of a day laborer of Falaise, (Normandy) named Janet. This accident reached the ears of the judge, who condemned the animal to suffer publicly the penalty of retaliation, as prescribed by law. The face and one arm of the child had been devoured, the sow was mutilated in the same manner, and then hanged by the executioner in the public place, amidst a concourse of people. The judge presided at the execution on horseback, with a feather in his hat. The father was forced to attend, by way of punishment, for not taking proper care of his child. The culprit, when brought to the gallows, was dressed like a man, wore a waistcoat, breeches, and gloves, and had a mask before her snout.

Death of Commissary General Irvin.

We learn that General Callender Irvin, Commissary General of this State, died in this city on Saturday night last. General Irvin was appointed Commissary General, we believe, by the elder Adams, a situation which he held through every succeeding administration, and which he filled with uprightness and honor. He was President of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati when summoned, as we trust, to a higher companionship in that world, exempt from trial and change. They who die full of years and honors, leave the long line of their footsteps to be seen by those who come after them. They have departed, but in their example they still instruct the living.

Railroad Accident.

A terrible accident occurred on Tuesday week, about one o'clock in the afternoon, on the railroad between Worcester and Albany, from the collision of two trains of cars coming from opposite directions. [illegible] The train from the east arrived [illegible] past 12 o'clock, where it was expected the train from the west would meet it, and after waiting [illegible] minutes, passed on, causing the sad result which we have to communicate.

Both trains were under the greatest speed when the concussion took place—jointly proceeding at the rate of sixty miles per hour—the western train, from the advantage of the grade under much the greatest speed, escaped with the least injury. The engines of both trains, with the passenger cars immediately attached to them, were thrown into a total mass of ruins. Of the passenger car attached to the engine of the train proceeding west, not a vestige was left upon the wheels but the heavy timbered frame work, the whole body being shattered into atoms, leaving nothing except the tin roof and the window frames of the sides, which were separated and thrown several feet ahead of the running part of the carriage. All the passenger cars were considerably injured—the rear ones most fortunately escaped total destruction.

It would seem from the inextricable juxtaposition into which the cars were thrown that not a passenger could have escaped with his life. But most miraculously, not a life was lost, though several persons were dragged from the ruins in a most horrid mutilated condition.

But the most distressing and heart-rending scene was exhibited at the Depot of Westfield, where the wounded were mostly brought for assistance. As the baggage car containing the bodies of the wounded, came rolling silently along, propelled by no other power than that of a few men, a death-like stillness pervaded the crowd of spectators which had assembled to witness the scene! To witness the bleeding,—groaning and agonizing sufferers, was indeed a melancholy spectacle—one which the lookers on might well hope to be spared witnessing again.

Six or seven we are informed, are suffering with broken limbs, but all it is hoped will recover. A number of other persons are less seriously injured. Two have died; Mr. Warren, the conductor of the downward train, and one of the sons of Mrs. Bloodgood.

Great Storm.

The town of Utica, N. Y., was visited, on Friday last, by a very severe storm. A correspondent says: "It was the most severe and extraordinary hail storm I ever witnessed, or that has occurred here at any time, within the recollection of the primitive settlers of the city. Indications of a severe shower began to exhibit themselves from the east between 2 and 3 P. M., and in the space of half an hour the entire horizon changed its complexion, from brilliant sunshine to the darkness of the blackest thunder cloud. After a preliminary flash of lightning or two, 'the windows of heaven opened,' and then descended such a fall of hail as was indeed serious to look upon. Not a stone fell that was not as large as an ordinary hickory nut, and but few exceeded the size. The almost perfect conformity of their size was the greatest wonder about the storm: yet the tremendousness of the fall was almost frightful. There was but little wind at the time fortunately, or not an unprotected pane of glass would have been left in the eastern windows of a single house in the city. In, perhaps, five minutes the fall abated, the wind chopped round to the north, and the hail lay on the ground to the depth of two or three inches. Presently, however, the storm resumed its fury, and the north pelted us quite as fiercely as the east had, and for thrice the length of time—leaving on the ground three or four inches of hail. In the course of some twenty minutes, however, the hail gave way to rain, which continued falling an hour or more, melting and sweeping away the remains of the icy visitation."

Public Meeting.

A public meeting for the promotion of Common School Education, will be held at the Musical Fund Hall, in Locust street, on Saturday evening, the 16th inst., commencing at 7 o'clock. The call of this meeting is made at the request of the Secretary of the "*American Common School Society*," who is about to make a tour through our Commonwealth, for the diffusion of information in reference to education.

Addresses may be expected from J. Orville Taylor, Esq., Secretary of the above Society, David Paul Brown, Esq., and others. The meeting is free, and our citizens are respectfully invited to attend.

A. D. Bache,	John Ludlow,
W. M. Meredith,	T. Dunlap,
Jos. R. Chandler,	J. J. Barclay,
Edmund P. Fry,	J. Reese Fry,
Chas. R. Demme,	C. G. Cayler,
B. W. Richards,	Jos. R. Ingersoll.

Chicago.

The wheat trade which concentrates at Chicago is steadily increasing in importance. The American, of that city, speaking of the number of wagons laden with wheat which are arriving there from the interior, says:—

"Teams a short time since came from a distance of one hundred and fifty miles which we thought of itself was doing very well. Soon after, we found to our great amazement, that they were coming in from a distance of two hundred miles, and they now come in from sections of country two hundred and fifty miles off, and bearing south, southeast, and southwest. This absolutely makes us the market at this very time of about one-half the State of Illinois, a large portion of Indiana, and a very considerable part of Wisconsin."

Literary Property.

The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it. The bookseller who at last bought it, cleared 1,000 guineas by it. "Burn's Justice" was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," both of which produced immense incomes. "The Vicar of Wakefield" (the most delightful novel in our language,) was sold for a few pounds. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his "Lives of the Poets" at 200 guineas, by which the bookseller, in the course of a few years, cleared upwards of 25,000*l.* Tonson and all his family rode in their carriages with the profits of the 5*l.* epic of Milton. The copyright of "Vyse's Spelling Book" sold for 2,000 guineas.

Books and Publishers.

Books, says Sir Richard Phillips, are a lottery, with three or four blanks to a small prize, and five hundred blanks to a capital prize. Thus, a publisher labors like Sisyphus. During the 18th century, but few publishers in England were able to realize fortunes. He cites a few cases, however. The Thompson family became opulent through a patent for 100 years, to supply the public offices with stationery. Miller left £20,000; Cadell left £30,000; Dodsley £7,000; Dilley £30,000; and Johnson £25,000. But Hodges, Cooke, Harrison, Crowther, Evans, Robinson, and others died insolvent. He adds that there are not less than 1000 dealers in books in and around London, and about 2500 out of London, and in other parts of Great Britain.

Colt.

The trial of Colt, in New York for the murder of Mr. Adams, which was to commence on Monday last, has been postponed three weeks. The New York Advertiser contradicts, on the authority of a relative of the lady, the report that Mrs. Adams had, in consequence of her loss, been deprived of her senses. The following singular statement, the same paper says it has been assured, is true. Two days before her husband's disappearance, she dreamed, twice, that he was murdered, and that she saw his body cut into pieces and packed in a box. The dreams gave her great concern, from their vividness, and she went once to relate them to her mother, but did not, from the apprehension of being laughed at.

The Cabinet.

The Madisonian of Saturday, announces that John C. Spencer, Esq. has accepted the appointment of Secretary of War, and is expected to arrive at Washington on Monday. It says the Cabinet, as reorganized, is equal in every point of view, if not superior to the Cabinet of any administration since the Presidency of Washington. As recomposed, it stands thus: Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; Secretary of the Treasury, Walter Forward, of Pennsylvania; Secretary of War, John C. Spencer, of New York; Secretary of the Navy, Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia; Attorney General, Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina; Postmaster General, Charles A. Wickliffe of Kentucky.

Cowries.

These small shells pass current for money in various parts of Hindostan, more particularly among the lower classes. A gentleman named Carr, residing at Cuttack, paid the whole of the proceeds attendant upon the erection of a bungalow at the above station in "Cowries" alone. The building stood him in 4,000 rupees sicca, equal to £400 sterling. Now, as 64 of these shells are equivalent in value to 1 "piece," and 64 piece equal to 1 rupee sicca, the number of shells that passed through his hands upon the above occasion was 16,384,000. The bungalow in question is now converted into the church of that station.

McLeod's Trial
Complete.

As we felt assured that it would gratify our readers to have a full and complete report of the trial of Alexander McLeod, without being compelled to wade through a mass of [illegible] matter, we have been at some pains and expense to gratify them. We therefore lay before them, this week, every important *fact* which has occurred during the trial, and every part *of evidence*, with the points in the speeches bearing upon the case. In this we distance every other weekly newspaper, as we are confident that no paper will give so complete a report as the one herewith presented. It will be seen that we have not trespassed in the least upon our usual variety of news and literary matter. The great size of the Post gives it many advantages over other Philadelphia weekly papers, by enabling us to present every thing of moment, whether public documents, speeches or trials, more in detail, without trespassing upon the general variety of the news and literary matter.

The trial of Alexander McLeod at Utica, N. Y. on the charge of having murdered Amos Durfee in an attack on the American Steamer "Caroline," December 29th, 1837, at Schlosser, New York.

The people of the State of New York, *vs.* Alexander McLeod, indicted for the murder of Amos Durfee. — Counsel for the prosecution, Willis Hall, Atty. Gen. of the State of N. York, S. S. Hawley and J. L. Wood.

For the defence, Joshua A. Spencer, of Utica, A. C. Bradley and H. Gardner.

First Day.

The proceedings commenced on Monday, October 4th, 1841, in the Oneida County Court of *Oyer and Terminer*, Judge Gridley presiding.

At ten o'clock the prisoner entered the Court, and after several challenges objecting to jurors, and excuses made by jurors who were called, on the ground of conscientious scruples respecting the penalty of death—the jury was formed.

Mr. Hall opened the case, commented on the excitement the trial had occasioned, cautioned the jury not to be led away by party feeling, contended that Alexander McLeod was one of the party that attacked and burnt the Caroline, and that he, and others with him, shot and murdered Amos Durfee, on the night of December 29th, 1837, at Schlosser, N. Y. He then gave a history of the insurrection in Canada—the assemblage at Navy Island, probably, with an intent on the part of some to make a hostile demonstration on Canada; but he contended that many were there from mere curiosity—that the steamboat Caroline was not in the employ of the "Patriots," being private property—that on one occasion only did she convey a six pound cannon to Navy Island—that the law of nations declared contraband the conveyance of military stores to a belligerent, and prescribed that a neutral vessel taking such stores was a lawful prize; but that she could only be taken on the high seas, or in the waters of the belligerent, and never in the waters of her own or other neutral nations. In the present, the boat was burnt, and sent flaming over the Falls of Niagara, by a British party, and Amos Durfee was shot on the soil of the United States. The orders of a sovereign were limited to his or her territory, or by being at war; but could have no effect within the jurisdiction of a Government with which that sovereign was at peace. Cases were cited—and Mr. Hall contended that the adoption by the British Government of the act of McLeod, could not be admitted. The indictment was read, consisting of seventeen counts, placing the charges against McLeod in every possible light—and the Attorney General concluded by exhorting the jury to admit no operation or influence of prejudice—to do their duty boldly—ever bearing in mind, and drawing around them in letters of fire, the solemn admonition of—"be just and fear not!"

The first witness called was William Wells, who stated that he lived in Buffalo, had bought the Caroline; had her cut out of the ice to trade between Buffalo, Black Rock, Schlosser and Navy Island; that she was his own boat, and employed by no one else. She was boarded by several boats' crews from the British side, some of whom cried, "Kill the damned Yankees." She was set on fire, and Amos Durfee shot on shore, while escaping. He (the witness) had heard that seven persons were missing in all. When she was boarded, there were no arms on board except one musket. There were twenty-two or twenty-three persons in the boat, sleeping there—Durfee was not employed on the boat.

Cross-examined by Mr. Spencer. Did not know the name of any one missing except Durfee. Captain Appleby was with the boat to manage her. He (the witness) has bought the boat with a Mr. Stanton, but witness had paid the money, with an understanding that Stanton might have half the boat, on paying him half the money. He had no bond of indemnity from any one—but a bond was talked of—to be signed by twenty citizens of Buffalo, to indemnify him for damages to the boat in cutting her through the ice—had heard that five persons signed; took about twelve men on board at Black Rock; did not remember whether they were armed, except one rifle; but they might have been—and he put them on board a scow at Navy Island. Went with boat from Schlosser to Navy Island and back several times; at one time took a six pound cannon, a horse, straw, boards, some muskets (could not say how many)—did not know to whom they belonged—provisions and passengers. There were about two hundred and fifty men on Navy Island, with ten or eleven cannon—understood that Van Rensselaer commanded. Did not charge regular fares—not particular about prices—there had been firing between Navy Island and Chippewa—couldn't exactly say whether he intended his boat to be so used as to be most serviceable to the Navy Island operations—and then added—"I believe that I did." Believed he was referred to an Executive Committee in Buffalo—was present at a "Patriot meeting" there.

Re-examined by Mr. Hall.—Was not a member of any association in the patriot enterprise—went to Schlosser on his own business, and for his own gain. There were casks on board for Navy Island—did not know if they contained cannon balls or "boiler punches," to be used as grape shot. *Adjourned.*

Second Day.

Daniel Stewart proved the attack upon the Caroline, &c. as already stated. He was watchman on board. It was customary to keep watch on board steamboats. The assailants cried, "Give the damned rebels no quarter." Saw no firing from the warehouse—heard the clashing of swords and pistols going on board the boat, from which he had escaped to the wharf; saw Durfee's dead body next day on the dock.

On a cross-examination by Mr. Spencer, the witness corroborated the fact of a cannon, and a few muskets having been on board, and many persons coming and going from and to Navy Island—fifteen or twenty from Schlosser who were not armed, and saw only two muskets in the ladies' cabin. He was not molested while going on shore after the attack; saw two or three go ashore before him, but none afterwards.

Frederic Emmons, lived at Schlosser, proved attack &c. to the death of Durfee; he was at a house near. On a cross-examination, this witness said—"Captain Keeler ran out of Mrs. Field's house, and fired the only musket they had there, after the boats that were rowing off." Witness did not hear that the object of the boat was to assist the Navy Islanders. An invasion of the Island from Canada was expected—but he had heard of no contemplated invasion of Canada from the Island.

Mr. Hall objected that the evidence was taking too wide a latitude.

The Court ruled that the historical facts of the case should be admitted.

James Field corroborated the above, adding that the "line in which the musket was fired from the house, was five or six rods below where Durfee was found lying dead." In cross-examination, this witness said:—"there were large assemblages of people at Schlosser, and provisions, arms, &c. brought there in wagons and cars for Navy Island. Did not know where they came from."

Mr. Hall objected that this evidence might be very proper for another forum, but not in this case.

Court admitted the evidence.

Cross-examination resumed. "The militia were called out to oppose the Patriots—which partly made up the number of people and arms at Schlosser. Musket was fired from Field's house, rather pointed upwards. Cannons &c. went to Navy Island, both before and after the burning of the Caroline."

Court ruled that this sort of evidence had been sufficiently gone into, it being proved that Navy Island was occupied by a belligerent force, and that there was firing between it and the Canada shore.

Mr. Spencer took an objection to the Court overruling his offered proof of minute details of force on the Island; and the exception was noted.

John C. Haggerty, Henry Emmons and John Hatter, were then examined, but no new point elicited, except that the last witness stated that no one on board was intoxicated; and that there was nothing but powder and wad in the musket fired from Mrs. Field's house; the object being to frighten those in the boats, as they feared the house might be attacked.

Joshua A. Smith said he was on board the Caroline, was a "dead-head" passenger (one who did not pay, as the other witnesses note;) also that he heard a gun fired when he was at the gangway, and some one fell at his side.

James H. King, was mate of the Caroline. He said the boat was set on fire by placing a lamp in a basket in the ladies' cabin, by the men who boarded from the boats.

Gilbert Appleby deposed to the following new facts. One of the assailants thrust a sword at him, and cut his coat, but did him no bodily injury, as he stood on the companion stairs. He then supposed it was Alexander McLeod, to whom he had been introduced at Buffalo, but he might have been mistaken. Cross-examined by Mr. Spencer:—"I do not say it was Alex. McLeod."

Samuel Brown, a bar-keeper for Mr. Smith, at Chippewa, swore positively that "McLeod was one of the men who got out of the boats when they returned from the destruction of the Caroline." "Had a belt round him; and a sword hanging by his side." The cross-examination elicited but little variation as to more minor points of his testimony. Witness went from Canandaigua, U. S. eight years ago to Canada—"to make money, no other object—returned in 1838. Was but a few feet from McLeod when he saw him, by torch and fire-lights on the shore."

Isaac P. Carson, a master-builder, residing at Niagara Falls—knew the prisoner—"saw McLeod in Davis's tavern, coming out, on the day after the destruction of the Caroline, and heard him relate to a crowd about his exploits on board the Caroline," McLeod said,—"they will not wish to see me there again, as I have put one damned Yankee or two out of the way." No one near disputed McLeod's assertions. He spoke of the Yankees as rebels and robbers, and said he would like to be on just such another expedition to burn Buffalo. On cross-examination, the witness said that he and Caswell knew they were witnesses in the case, had spoken together, and that it had then (at the trial) first struck him (witness) that Caswell was seen by him at the tavern.

Third Day.

Charles Parke. Was a native of Canada, and raised at Chippewa. Knew McLeod for years, and as (McLeod) being Deputy Sheriff at Niagara. Was a bar-keeper at Davis's tavern—saw McLeod on the bank of the river with the men who were going to cut out the Caroline. A few days after she was destroyed, he heard Capt. Sennett, Major Cochran of the Dragoons, and four or five more say in purport, that McLeod had killed a Yankee. He positively saw McLeod get into one of the boats. Couldn't tell which boat, and on cross-examination said there were eight boats, but only seven left the shore. He came over from Canada to Buffalo, to buy things a week before the trial; did not know who had asked him to go on board the boat to come over.

Henry Myers, a native of the United States, but at the time of the burning of the Caroline, a resident of Canada, and now of Canandaigua, United States—swore he had heard McLeod say on the day after the Caroline was destroyed, to a crowd of soldiers and others in the bar-room of a tavern, and when some one asked, "where's the man that killed Durfee?"—he replied—"here he is. I'm the man!" He then pulled out a horse pistol and said it was the pistol with which he had shot him. Then he pulled out a sword and said—"there's the blood of a Yankee!"—holding up the sword. There was blood dried on the end of the sword for about four inches. On a cross-examination, the witness admitted that he left Canada on the following day, on account of the trouble. McLeod had threatened him because he was a Yankee, and then said he would let him off if he would treat. He did so, and they all drank together in the tavern.

Calvin Wilson, Ferry keeper at Youngstown, swore to seeing McLeod at a tavern in Niagara, when one Reyncock, a Customs Collector in Canada, asked McLeod—"how many were killed?" McLeod replied—"I think not more than three or four—five might have fallen. One thing I do know, that one d——d Yankee, a rebel, was shot on the wharf." On cross-examination—witness said—"I am quite sure that I saw McLeod there—as sure as I saw Reyncock there, and that he spoke the words." Reyncock ran away from Canada. "I have not taken a great part in this Patriot matter. I have aided the refugees since the destruction of the Caroline—have given them $200, and entertained them at my house."

The Court here reminded the witness that in so doing, he had broken the laws, but that he need not answer questions criminating himself.

Mr. Spencer. Are you a member of any secret society, not being Freemasons?

Witness. I decline answering. Mr. Buck supported me. (Witness declined answering several other questions.)

Elijah D. Efner, Marshal of the District, took two hundred stand of arms from General Sutherland and others at Black Rock, and deposited them at the Guard-house, at Buffalo. Visited the boat at Navy Island, but deposed to no new fact.

Seth Hinman, of Youngstown. Knew McLeod. Saw him the day after the destruction of the Caroline, in front of Davis's tavern. Would not answer the question—"whether he belonged to any secret society?" The Attorney General objected to the question, on the ground that Prisoner's Counsel was endeavoring to elicit testimony on this trial, to be used in another place.

Mr. Spencer, replied—"I seek to bring forth only that testimony which is legitimate. I am but counsel for the prisoner on trial for his life—am here in no other capacity. I believe that the prisoner is innocent of the charge, and before the end of the trial, his innocence will be proven to the world. When witnesses are summoned hostile to him, hostile to his country, wishing for his conviction to gratify the worst of feelings, a desire for war—when I see and know this, I should be recreant to my own duty, not to expose such witnesses."

The Attorney General replied—and the Court ruled that the line of cross-examination was proper.

Seth Hinman resumed, and said he was not a member of any Association against the Canadas;—but would not answer the question—"have you ever been a member?" He had been in Hunters' Lodges.

Charles Yates: heard a man at Queenstown Ferry, say in reference to the burning of the Caroline—"d—n them, we gave them a lick, and I should like another job of the kind." Was told that person was McLeod—but he did not recognize him as the prisoner.

William W. Caswell deposed to no new fact.

Anson D. Quimby, corroborated the statement of McLeod having boasted the next day, that he had Yankee blood on his sleeve and sword, saying:—"we killed two d——d Yankees." He (witness) was a native of Pennsylvania. On a cross-examination, he said he did not remember having told this story to Grosvenor—he had been promised the payment of his expenses.

Justin F. P. Stevens, saw McLeod about getting into the boats that went out to destroy the Caroline; but he spoke only of three boats instead of seven or eight, and otherwise differed on minor points from previous witnesses.

Several witnesses were called, but did not answer, and attachments were issued. Mr. Wood, one of the Counsel for the prosecution, left for home, in consequence of illness in his family. Mr. Jenkins acted for him.

Leonard Anson, carpenter, of Lockport, but formerly of Chippewa, corroborated the testimony given, that McLeod said at Davis's tavern—"I have killed one d——d Yankee, and here's his blood"—pulling out a pistol. Witness was a native of the United States. On cross-examination said—"I have no connexion with the people acting on this side against Canada; but I have the feeling; and I suppose it is only such as any American would feel." Mr. Philo Smith wrote me to come down to the trial—did not get a subpœna. I saw the blood on the breech of McLeod's pistol.

This rested the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Spencer. I wish the Attorney General to understand my view of this case—that he cannot call evidence, if he rests, to the main charge, but only in reply.

Attorney General. "I shall only call witnesses to rebut testimony, though other facts may come out.

The Defence.

Mr. Spencer opened the defence with clearness and ability—laying down as *postulates*—first, that murder could not be committed (legally and individually) under the circumstances, because the accused acted under the orders of his Government; and the United States Government regarded the matter as a National offence. Secondly—that McLeod was not one of the party that destroyed the Caroline, and that an *alibi* could be proven, remarking:—"McLeod had no more to do with the burning of the Caroline or with the killing of Durfee, than either of you, gentlemen of the jury." It would be shown that, on the deposition of Colonel McNabb and another, a list was made out of the names of all who were in the expedition for cutting out the Caroline; and that McLeod was not among them; and that Colonel McNabb and others saw the expedition depart, but did not see McLeod, whom they knew intimately. It would also be shown on the evidence of Capt. Jno. Morison, a retired British officer, that McLeod slept at his house at Stamford, five miles off; and it could be shown that his boots were by the fire all night down stairs—that he was seen to go to bed and to come down the next morning, and that he could not possibly have been in the expedition. It will be proved that he went in company with Mr. W. Press, now of Hamilton, U. C., from Davis's tavern on the night in question to Captain Morison's. And the Counsel would ask what the jury must think of some of the testimony they had heard, when the evidence for the defence should be laid before them? They could have no difficulty in pronouncing the only verdict that justice, the prisoner, and the American nation demanded.

Fourth Day.

Alexander C. Hamilton contradicted the statement made by Wilson, as to the presence of Reyncock in company with McLeod at Niagara, shortly after the burning of the Caroline. On a cross-examination, the testimony was not varied. The witness had served during the troubles in Canada, in a military capacity for the Government, at Niagara. It was reported in Canada that Reyncock had absconded to England for debt.

Hollis Lott, a farmer at [illegible], Pennsylvania, swore that Quimby had so bad a character in that neighborhood, where he resided, that the witness would not believe him on oath. On a cross-examination, he stated that he had been a witness against Quimby in a civil suit, and [illegible] Q's credibility, and that he and Quimby were political opponents.

Lansing W. Wetmore, a lawyer, discredited Quimby; but on a cross-examination, said he had been engaged against him in a civil suit.

Samuel Brown said he did not recollect conversing with a Mr. Bates about the burning of the Caroline. David G. Bates lived at Canandaigua. Knew Drown, a witness for the prosecution, whose character for honesty and veracity had, a few years ago, been bad—but latterly it was good. Drown had lived in Canada, where his character had improved, and after his return it continued good.

David H. Sears swore that he was a captain of the incorporated militia of Canada in 1837. Was stationed at Chippewa on the night of the Caroline affair. Was present when the expedition started. Did not see Col. McNabb or McLeod there. Was among the party when they returned, and did not see McLeod there at all. On a cross examination: said that both negroes and Indians were in his company at Chippewa. On the Court over-ruling a question, Mr. Spencer expressed regret, as he said he could show that three Canadians were killed by the cannon firing from Navy Island.

Mr. Spencer then proceeded to show that such was the state of things on the frontier, that although there had been no formal declaration of war, yet the British Provincial Government had a right to destroy the Caroline in self-defence—that her destruction and the killing of Durfee were acts of the public force, which acts were subsequently authorized by the British Government; and that in all that had transpired in relation to it, between the United States and Great Britain, the United States Government had deemed the affair to be national.

Mr. Hall rose to reply, when the Court said that it would relieve him from the necessity.

The Court ruled that a motion had been made in the Supreme Court to discharge the prisoner, and thus look behind the indictment; but that Court decided that it could not—and agreed that the State of New York had a right to punish offenders against her laws. That citizens of the United States expatriated themselves by joining the Navy Islanders, and that if taken were liable to punishment in the same way as the subjects of Great Britain—that persons in the United States had a right to carry provisions and munitions of war to the insurgents at the risk of their forfeiture—and that the Caroline was liable to seizure, if a portion of the Navy Island armament, when there, or if on the high seas—but not in a territory with which Great Britain was at peace—that there was an absence of anything like war, in such a sense as made the killing of individuals justifiable, and that therefore the right of New York to punish offenders against her laws was not taken away. Such had been the opinion of the Supreme Court, binding upon him (the Judge,) even if, on examination, it were possible that he could come to an opposite conclusion; and therefore he felt bound to reject the propositions to offer these matters in evidence.

Fifth Day.

The depositions taken before the Commissioners in Canada, were then read.

That of Sir Allan McNabb deposed that in December 1837, there was a body of 2000 or 3000 militia assembled at Chippewa, of which he was the commander, to repel an expected invasion of Canada from Navy Island and Schlosser, ordered out by Sir F. B. Head, Governor, who sometimes came to Chippewa. From information he had received of the Caroline supplying the rebels and Americans who had joined them with arms, ammunition, &c., he had ordered that she should be destroyed, and entrusted the command of the expedition to Capt. Drew, R. N. The expedition started and the Caroline was destroyed. Never heard of Alexander McLeod being in it—his name was not on the list—knew McLeod, saw the boats leave and return, did not see McLeod in either of them. On cross-examination, Sir Allan McNabb refused to name the person from whom he had received information in relation to the Caroline. Had seen Silvanus S. Rigby. Did not know where Rigby now was. I gave the orders to Capt. Drew. I had no orders to invade the United States;—in my orders to Capt. Drew, nothing was said about the United States—but such was their nature, that Captain D. might be justified in destroying the boat wherever he might find her.

Angus McLeod, brother of the accused, deposed that on the afternoon of the day on which the Caroline was destroyed, he heard his brother say that he was going to Stamford—did not see the expedition push off. Saw the men land from the boats after the Caroline was destroyed, but did not see his brother Alexander amongst them. *Cross-examined.* Had heard his brother say that he had been on the 25th round Navy Island in a boat to reconnoitre; and that the boat had been fired at. His brother told him that he had before informed the Magistrates of Buffalo, that if a boat came to assist the Patriots, she would be destroyed; but he did not know that his brother was aware of the plan to destroy the Caroline. He and his brother were natives of Scotland.

Robert Armour, of Colborn, U. C., was in one of the boats of the expedition. Did not see McLeod, either in embarking, on board the Caroline, or in landing on their return. Cross-examined. There was resistance on board the Caroline. One or two of the attacking party were wounded.

Lieut. J. P. Buttershy, R. N., was in one of the boats. Did not see McLeod.

Duncan Cameron's evidence was not important, but W. S. Light was in the expedition. Did not see McLeod.

Stephen McCormick, Esq., was in the expedition, and the second man on board the Caroline. Did not see McLeod. Took a list of the men on board the expedition. McLeod's name was not amongst them. All were volunteers. Captain Drew commanded the expedition. Sir A. McNabb was on the beach, both when the boats went and returned. The men were armed with swords and pistols. On cross-examination, the witness said there was resistance on board, and he believed one man killed, his death having been caused by a blow from witness immediately after he had received a wound from him. Did not know Rigby. Was laid up some time with his wounds. Having been put back in a boat, did not know what occurred after. Was positive that McLeod was not in the boats, and he, the witness, as *aid-de-camp* to Captain Drew, superintending the manning of the boats. There was no man named McLeod in the expedition. Witness was in Captain Drew's boat.

F. Cleveley, Esq., of Canada; was on board one of the boats. Did not see McLeod there at all. Saw no one killed on board the Caroline. Saw one wounded severely, Lieut. McCormick, and two others slightly.

Edward Zeal, of Hamilton, U. C.; was one of the expedition. Did not see McLeod at all. Was nearly the last man that left the Caroline—saw one man dead on the dock at Schlosser, who met his death during the attack; thinks a shot struck him from the direction of the tavern. He was not conveyed to the dock from the boat. Could not have been without witness's knowledge. On cross-examination said the expedition was partly armed with pikes; and the only resistance the witness saw on board the boat, was a shot fired from the after part, which struck Lieut. McCormick. He and two or three others went ashore to cut loose the Caroline, and to prevent the flames from communicating with a store-house.

H. R. T. Reilley, Esq., was with the expedition. Knew McLeod, but did not see him there at all. Seven boats started—two did not reach the Caroline. Thought he was at Davis's tavern the next day, but did not see McLeod there. Saw several persons leave the Caroline. Did not think there was any one aboard her, when she was cut adrift.

Thomas Hector, Duncan Cameron, John Gordon, O. C. Beer, R. N., went with the expedition—did not see McLeod. All knew him. Colonel J. Chisholm knew McLeod—saw the expedition embark—did not see McLeod with it—understood he was to leave with despatches for Toronto, and saw McLeod's horse taken out of the yard at his (Col. C.'s) quarters in the afternoon of December 29th, 1837.

Neil McGregor, of Chippewa, was with the expedition. Knew McLeod. Did not see him there at all.

The depositions being closed, William Press was called as a witness. Was a tavern keeper at Hamilton, U. C.; knew McLeod, and resided at Niagara in 1837; rode with Alexander McLeod and Mr. C. Keefe on the evening of December 29th, to Stamford, and McLeod left him at Mr. Morison's. Knew Reyncock, the Collector at Niagara. He left Canada before the troubles. On a cross-examination, no new fact was elicited, except that the witness knew the 29th was the day by a memorandum made in his cash book; and he left Chippewa, after sundown. After sundown, McLeod and O'Keefe got into the wagon at Davis's, and had no horse with him.

John M. Morrison, said he lived at Stamford, U. C., in December 29th, 1837. Did not know of the destruction of the Caroline until the next day, when he was told by Colonel Cameron, with whom he had served in Portugal, Spain and France, under the Duke of Wellington. McLeod had slept at my house, and had retired to bed the night before at about half past twelve, he and I having drunk toddy together from half past nine. McLeod had not left his room before I saw Colonel Cameron; and after returning part of a piece of wood to Colonel Cameron, which the Colonel said was a piece of the Caroline, found below the Falls. I went into the house and saw McLeod in the room half dressed. I told him what I had heard, and he replied—"I wish to God I had been there." He told me to tell Archie to get his horse; but on being pressed he did not go until after breakfast.

Cross-examined. Took no part in the political strife of Canada. Had resided five years in his present house; and knew McLeod before he moved into it.

McLeod seemed tired when he got to my house December 29th—thought he rode there, but did not know for certain, only he used to ride and had two horses. He left the next morning about ten o'clock. McLeod used to keep an extra horse in my stables.

Archibald Morison, son of the preceding; was at his father's house at the time mentioned, and corroborated his father's evidence; but on a cross-examination, said—"I think he came on horseback; I recollect taking care of his horse when he came, and getting it for him in the morning. Am quite positive he came up on horseback, and am sure it was the night before Colonel Cameron gave the piece of wood."

Harriet Morison, daughter of Lieutenant Morison, was at home on the 29th and 30th of December, 1837, and corroborated the fact of McLeod having arrived at her father's at night, and having left on the following morning. *Cross-examined.* Had heard of the Caroline carrying arms and ammunition to Navy Island some days before.

John McLean—first saw McLeod in Buffalo, in December, 1837. He was at the American Hotel, and a crowd attempted to do him an injury. On the night of the 29th of December, 1837, he lodged in the Canadian camp at Chippewa—did not see McLeod; witness lived in the State of New York. On a cross-examination, witness said he had a private interview with Colonel McNab, as soon as he arrived at Chippewa; and he went to Chippewa at the request of the United States District Attorney.

Gasper P. Gilkinson resided at Niagara, U. C. knew Reyncock, who left Canada before the outbreak—thought in September. On the morning of the 30th, rode half way from Stamford to Chippewa, with McLeod; guns were fired at them from Navy Island, as they rode along—one shot entered the bank near them. Nothing important was brought out by the cross-examination. *Adjourned.*

Sixth Day.

Jared Stocking, of Niagara, U. C. commanded dragoons at Chippewa, December 29th; knew Reyncock, who left Canada before the troubles. Cross-examined—Was with Mr. Press on the afternoon before the destruction of the Caroline. A battery had been erected by the insurgents on Navy Island.

Mr. Spencer having stated that the Court had objected to testimony of a national character, said he had confined himself to the other points of his defence, such as an alibi, &c. He had now closed on that behalf.

Mr. Hall, for the prosecution, read the license of the Caroline, and the testimony taken before Justice Bell, of Capt. Morison, his son Archibald and daughter Helen, which agreed pretty closely to their depositions. Mr. H. put in evidence of indictments against witnesses for the defence, as participants in the burning of the Caroline—but the Court deemed them inadmissible as evidence. The deposition of R. Inglis was read, but no new fact exhibited.

The Rev. John Marsh, a Methodist minister, testified in favor of Drown's character, during D.'s residence in Canada.

Platt Smith resided in Lockport, was at Chippewa at the time of the burning of the Caroline.

Mr. Spencer objected—Mr. Hawley (for pros.) said he called witness to rebut evidence of *alibi*, and to prove that McLeod was at Chippewa on the night of Dec. 29th.

Mr. Spencer contended that the prosecuting counsel could not call cumulative evidence, and after a long argument, the Court decided against admitting such testimony.

Mr. Hall addressed the Court on the decision.

The Court did not change its decision. Smith resumed. Never heard the veracity of Drown questioned. Knew him. Saw McLeod go across the bridge down the Chippewa, at about ten o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

J. C. Davis, Proprietor of Davis's tavern. "McLeod went to bed at my house on the day after the burning of the Caroline, about noon. A bed was taken out of his house the previous night. The prisoner, McLeod, went to bed at his house on the afternoon of the night on which the Caroline was burnt, and got up about eight or nine o'clock—ordered his horse, and said he was going to Niagara.

Philo Smith. Knew Drown. Never heard his veracity questioned. Did not belong to a secret lodge, but had attended one.

J. H. Dyke. Saw McLeod hitch a horse to a wagon the morning after the "Patriots" left the Island, in Stamford. Said to McLeod—"the fun is over." On a cross-examination: Witness once said he had met McLeod going to the falls—"I was mistaken—it was a lie."

Thomas Wheaton. Saw McLeod early in 1838; McLeod said he was the second or third man who boarded the Caroline—"recognizes McLeod now." On cross-examination: Did not know who had subpœned him. Thought it was a man from Elmira. Some of witness's acquaintances had been taken up for stealing harness. "Belongs to a Patriot lodge."

W. Defield. Heard Captain Morison say in his own house, that he hoped McLeod would get punished for the Caroline affair by the Americans, stating as a reason, that McLeod had seduced his daughter, who was married to a Mr. Taylor. Cross-examination:—Was on Navy Island for eight days—kept prisoner there—but Mackenzie thinks there were three hundred and forty-four rank and file besides guard and officers on the Island.

Mr. Spencer read the previous deposition of Defield, stating that he had never conversed with Capt. Morison on the subject of the Caroline, till the evening before the deposition was taken, and that Morison said he was not certain McLeod was at his house on the night the Caroline was burnt.

Dr. Hamilton testified that Defield's reputation is not good, and that Capt. Morison's is. On cross-examination—said that Capt. M. has been sober since he was at Lewistown as a witness, but was intoxicated then.

Center called; he endeavored to show that the conduct of the commission had been irregular in some points. One or two other witnesses stated nothing important.

J. H. Dyke, re-called—"Never heard Defield's character for veracity questioned. I know him." On a cross-examination—he said—"Am a [illegible] was once arrested by McLeod in Canada—fought three days for McLeod when he was arrested, and got [illegible] flogged to death." (A laugh.)

The evidence was here closed. The Court [illegible] the Jury of their duty on the Sabbath. [illegible] to see a sick brother, in charge of a constable [illegible] other Jurors were permitted to attend [illegible] together in charge of a constable.

Seventh Day.

Mr. Bradley addressed the Court for the defence [illegible] commented on the presumed innocence of all accused persons, until found guilty—on all doubts being construed favorably for the accused—on the contradictory testimony of some of the witnesses for the prosecution—and the decided manner in which their testimony was disproved by evidence for the defence, as well as an alibi completely established in favor of the prisoner. He then remarked on the criminal motives of Canadian refugees, who fled to this country to obtain recruits—and then to induce American citizens to attack a people with whom we were at peace—and that the object of such, as apparent in some of the testimony, was to stir up the miseries, crimes and horrors of war.

Mr. B. commented on the absurdity of the evidence of blood on a sword or a pistol, when the prosecution claimed that Durfee was shot at a distance. It could not be; and in going through the list of witnesses and evidence, he said that when a witness was wanted to swear right through, such a man as Quimby was got. There was—there could be no doubt of the acquittal of McLeod—no danger of war—and in pronouncing the prisoner "*not guilty*"—the recollection of the conduct of each juror would not only be a pleasure to him through life—but a gratification, even in the last hour of terrible account.

Mr. Spencer followed, also in an eloquent and powerful speech—in which, with all delicacy, he touched upon a different view on some points of the opinion of the Supreme Court of New York, as given by Judge Cowen, and in virtue of which McLeod was under trial; and for far as the prescribed limits of the evidence, and the law and rules that governed the trial would permit—he defended McLeod on national grounds—that murder could not be committed by an individual in such a case, for he acted under the orders of his Government, and that Government had assumed the responsibility. To that nation therefore must the United States apply and not to McLeod—and the United States Government having considered the affair as *national*—the laws of nations also pronouncing it national—he would ask whether on that ground McLeod had not a good bar to accusation!—a good right to an acquittal?

These views were enforced by citations from authorities. But such a view, Mr. S. admitted, was only referred to, as presuming the possibility of McLeod having been present and engaged in the destruction of the Caroline. Now, the contrary was the fact. In commenting on the evidence of witnesses brought forward to sustain the charge—Mr. S. referred to secret lodges—criminal designs on Canada, both by refugees and those who aided them on this side the lines, saying that no effort had been neglected by such men to secure the conviction of McLeod, and—for what? Not, certainly, that they doubted the blood of an innocent man to be shed on the scaffold, but that the two countries should be involved in war, and that these persons may be enabled again to enter Canada, though not as the van-guard, yet as the rear-guard of an American army, to wrest it from British dominion. Why were those secret societies?—for crime. Violence, bloodshed and [illegible] concealment.

He thought that some of the witnesses had committed "the blackest perjury that ever disgraced a trial, since the sun shone upon Christendom." He knew the testimony had been got up for the occasion—in Committee Rooms—not by the learned Counsel, but by the getters-up of the trial. What were several of the witnesses? Look at them!—bound by frightful oaths to carry fire, sword—desolation and murder into the heart of a neighboring country. Mr. S. went through the evidence at great length—commented on what he conceived the contradictions, the absurdities and the improbability of most of the testimony—and the complete manner in which, he contended, it was extinguished by the defence. He also dwelt with much emphasis on the respectability and credibility of the witnesses he had produced—and of the *alibi* so successfully and entirely proven in the case of the accused, that he felt convinced it must be clear as the sun at noon-day, even to the most sceptical—that McLeod was not in the expedition, not even at Chippewa, and could not by any possibility have been engaged in the destruction of the Caroline or the murder of Durfee. He (Mr. S.) knew the men who had banded together to convict McLeod and involve this country in a war with England. They were depraved enough to swear anything. He made no exceptions—some of them were now present and heard him—(Mackenzie began to laugh) "Yes, sir," said Mr. S. "I make no exceptions." Mackenzie nodded—every eye fixed upon him—and he seemed to be writing down the counsellor's remarks.

McLeod's name was not at all on the lists of any of the boats in the expedition—Colonel McNabb, and a witness from each boat, had so deposed. Could any evidence be clearer in favor of an alibi? It was important to prove where McLeod was on the morning of the 29th. This was proven by Gilkinson and McLean, and they only confirm the statements of former witnesses—while his being at Stamford on the night the Caroline was burnt, was also incontestably proven. Mr. Spencer spoke nearly six hours, and at times with great eloquence. He closed with expressing a hope and conviction that the verdict would be favorable to the prisoner and peaceful to the country.

The argument for the prosecution was then commenced by Mr. Jenkins. He noted the chief features of the case, and asked the Jury to act fearless of consequences, and independent of peace or war. Great stress was laid upon the evidence of Parker, Carson and Drown. The declaration of McLeod to Myers—namely, that "he had done the deed," was pointed out in emphatic language. The alleged confessions of McLeod were referred to, and the testimony of Quimby—that he saw the prisoner come out of Davis's before 9 o'clock, and also that he saw him early next morning with blood upon his sleeves. The evidence generally was then analysed with care, and the counsel closed with an appeal of an animated and argumentative character.

Mr. Attorney General Hall commenced by repudiating the idea of harshness charged upon the prosecution and said there was no committee to get up evidence, and so far from the testimony having been exaggerated, much of it had been softened down. On the subject of the mob at Lockport—he said—"a prisoner in an unprecedented case was let to bail; the people demanded that the bond should be cancelled. It was—and they retired to their dwellings! And why? That the prisoner might be tried by you, and I pray God, that the same confidence in trial by jury might ever remain." Mr. H. then went into the history of the Navy Island affair, and said that those upon it had fled for refuge, and were entitled to supplies; while in a national point of view, after referring to the case of Gen. Jackson in Florida, whose acts committees of Congress had reported unlawful, and the case of the Chesapeake and Leopard—Mr. H. contended there was no pretext for the destruction of the Caroline. Mr. H. strongly upheld the opinion of the N. Y. Supreme Court.

Eighth Day.

As to the murder of Durfee, Mr. H. went through the evidence, contending that the testimony even of those whose veracity it had not been attempted to impeach—shewed that McLeod was engaged in the burning of the Caroline, and on his own confessions, such facts—the burning and murder—were fully confirmed. "Eight witnesses tell you he was there—and the laws of mind will not allow you to disbelieve the testimony."

Mr. Hall concluded a speech of great length and ability, which went over the entire case; exhibited an able championship of the State Rights of New York, while he contended throughout, that the prosecution was fully within the limits of international law. He closed with great eloquence,—leaving the whole matter to the Jury, to whose sense of justice, of the respect due to the dignity of their country, and of the important position they occupied at this moment in the eyes of the world—he had the highest, the most unbounded confidence.

Mr. Hall then briefly recapitulated the whole of the evidence, and said:—"Now, gentlemen, you are called upon also to decide, whether Morison and his wife are not mistaken, or whether the witnesses for the prosecution are guilty of the blackest perjury. It is impossible that so many men should unite for such a purpose. It is incredible that they should. My task is done. I have endeavored to perform my duty in this painful matter, and I pray God that you may be strengthened to discharge yours in a manner that becomes you."

The learned Judge summed up the case, and commented on the testimony and the law in his address to the Jury, with the utmost clearness and impartiality.

The Judge closed his luminous charge by stating: "if you have a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt, then he is not to be convicted. If convicted, it is to be on the most irrefragable evidence. The law seeks no man's life; it gives him the benefit of all doubt. May the God of all truth guide and direct you in your deliberations!"

The jury retired and were absent from the Court Room thirty minutes, when they returned with a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

New Publications.

The Lady's Book for October—*L. A. Godey*.—The Lady's Book for October comes to us well filled with articles from prominent magazine writers, and with two fine engravings, by Dick, "Funeral Hall," and the "[illegible] Antiquary," both good, and the usual plate of fashions for the month. [illegible]

"The People's Library of Choice and Entertaining Literature."—We have neglected to notice, the first number of this work, which has been issued for sometime. It is really well stored, containing ninety-six pages of James's popular novel, the Ancient Regime. It has a fine plate "The Ghost Book," with an excellent story attached thereto. It is the intention of the proprietors to finish in succeeding numbers, the novel of James, and during the volume to pour into the Library, other popular novels, thus forming a work of nearly one thousand pages per annum. The work is issued conjointly by L. A. Godey and M. McMichael, either of whom can be addressed.

Family Secrets or Hints to those who would make home happy—*By Mrs. Ellis (late Miss Stickney)—Part second—Lea & Blanchard.*—We noticed, some time since, the first part of this work, and noticed it in terms of high praise. The continuation is by no means inferior. The work is very popular in London. The three tales entitled "Somerville Hall," "The Rising Tide," and "The Favorite Child," in the number are among the finest of their kind. The part before us contains one hundred pages. Tales like these, teaching a practical lesson, should be in every ones' hands.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences—*Edited by Dr. Hays—Lea & Blanchard.*—This valuable quarterly is on our table, and an excellent number it is. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the first medical journal in our language, if not in the world. Articles on the yellow and intermitting fever, on the endemic influences of the U. States, on paralysis sympathetic of Visceral Disorders, and other subjects form the contents of the number. No medical man, who wishes to keep pace with the advance of science, should be without this work.

Littell's Museum, *for October*, is stored with excellent articles. There are over twenty papers in this number. The one on "The Port Royalists," from the Edinburgh Review, is particularly worthy of perusal. We only echo the public opinion when we say that this reprint contains the cream of the English periodicals.

SATURDAY [illegible]

Terms of Subscri[illegible]

The Money [illegible]

The money market presents [illegible] the week a few hundred dollars [illegible] at 7[illegible] on the dollar. [illegible]

United States Bank notes are [illegible] 44 off for currency.

Business is fair. A little fallin[illegible]

We give the following quota[illegible]

Sales of St[illegible]
By the Philadelphia Board of Bro[illegible]
Thursday[illegible]

453 shares	Girard Bank.
20 do.	United States Bank.
77 do.	Schuylkill Navigation [illegible]
26 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank, P[illegible]
17 do.	Louisville Bank.
15 do.	Penn Township Bank.
9 do.	Mechanics Bank.
7 do.	Philadelphia Bank.
7 do.	Vicksburg Bank.
7 do.	Reading R. R.
7 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.
5 do.	Commercial Bank, Cin[illegible]
2 do.	Pennsylvania Bank.
$8596	United States Bank Notes.

Election [illegible]

City Retu[illegible]
Candidat[illegible]
Common Co[illegible]

Samuel Norris, Peter McCall, John C. Davis, J. J. Boswell, Isaac Barton, George Campbell, Andrew Cochran, Henry C. Corbit, Samuel Breck, J. L. Dutton, Jacob E. Huggert, Thomas C. Rockhill, Robert Pearsall, Charles A. Repplier, James Leslie, Caleb Hand, Thomas S. Smith, Thomas Snowden, B. W. Tingley, David Winebrenner, John Rutherford, Sr., John Troubat, William Gesse, Hiram Sweet, Aaron S. Lippincott, John Porter, Jacob Reed, Henry G. Freeman, Thomas Roney, William Dilworth, John Ashton, Jr., Henry J. Fougeray, Jacob Hubell, Jacob Kock, John R. Patterson, Ferris Price, William Sharpe, Lewis Ryan, James Magee, John Wilbank.

Govern[illegible]
John Banks, David R. Porter.

Mayo[illegible]
John M. Scott, Samuel Badger.

Sheri[illegible]
Henry Morris, James H. Hutchinson, Daniel Smith.

County Tr[illegible]
Joseph Plankinton, Hugh Clark, Michael Faunce.

County Com[illegible]
John Leuts, Henry D. Leuts.

Audi[illegible]
John Clawges, Michael W. Ash.

Cong[illegible]
Joseph R. Ingersoll, Thomas M. Pettit.

State S[illegible]
Henry S. Spackman, Jacob Gratz, (1 year), George Emlen, Robert Ewing, (1 year).

Asse[illegible]
William A. Crabb, James B. Beers, George Sharswood, C. B. Trego, E. Joy Morris, John Bush, William F. Boon, David C. Skerret, Aaron Waters, Francis Brelsford, Joseph H. Newbold, William A. Stokes, George P. Young, W. Sayre Heysham.

Select
Thomas P. Cope, Charles S. Smith, Matthew Newkirk, James Y. Humphreys, John Trucks (two years), Joseph R. Evans, Samuel H. Perkins, Michael Baker, Evans Rogers, William Camac (two yea[illegible]

It will be seen that the [illegible] The names of their candi[illegible] The *Liberty Ticket* a[illegible] last election it was 60. Horton, the Anti-Ma[illegible] received, at the several [illegible] which were returned un[illegible] The average Whig [illegible] ticket is 1300; on the ti[illegible] the Congress ticket, 1[illegible] 1000; on the ticket of S[illegible] Common Council, 772[illegible] scattering votes.

Coun[illegible]
David R. Porter, John Banks, F. Julius Lemoyne.

[illegible]s. H. Hutchinson, Henry Morris, Daniel Smith, Manly Rowe.

Count[illegible]
Henry D. Leuts, John Leuts, A. G. Rowland.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1,50 in advance or six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Money Market.

The money market presents little variation. During the week a few hundred dollars of State fives were sold at 71 cents on the dollar. This falling off may be attributed wholly to the action of our currency. These stocks were created under a redundant, and consequently a very cheap currency; and now that the public have withdrawn their confidence from it, a depreciation of price is inevitable. Besides, the market abroad for this peculiar manufacture has, from various causes, been closed. Instead of the fund mongers of England now seeking American securities with avidity, those moneyed gentlemen are in the market, and as actively engaged in shuffling their sinking securities back on to us as the several States were industrious in passing it upon that nation. From these considerations, our stock market is crowded—it is amount more than equals the idle capital in the country; hence the fall of prices which has already taken place in that particular description of investment, and which, except where the value is brought up by heavy taxation, our surprise would not be excited should the downward tendency show itself still onward.

United States Bank notes are at a discount of 43 to 44 off for currency.

Business is fair. A little falling off has been perceptible among jobbers, especially in the Pennsylvania trade, but as this is owing to the election, re-action will no doubt immediately commence. Goods have advanced but little in consequence of the tariff.

We give the following quotation for the week of

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price paid for
452 shares	Girard Bank,	$4a$5
20 do.	United States Bank,	3½a5¾
77 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	47
38 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank, Pitts	43
17 do.	Louisville Bank,	70
15 do.	Penn Township Bank,	41
9 do.	Mechanics Bank,	24½a24½
7 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	71½
7 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	4
7 do.	Reading R. R.	25
7 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	31a31½
5 do.	Commercial Bank, Cincin	90
2 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	248
$8505	United States Bank Notes,	57a59½

Election News.

City Returns.

CANDIDATES.

Common Council.

Samuel Norris,	5,565
Peter McCall,	5,539
John C. Davis,	5,541
J. J. Boswell,	5,519
Isaac Barton,	5,533
George Campbell,	5,537
Andrew Cochran,	5,490
Henry C. Corbit,	5,509
Samuel Breck,	5,533
J. L. Dutton,	5,516
Jacob E. Haggert,	5,533
Thomas C. Rockhill,	5,530
Robert Pearsall,	5,546
Charles A. Repplier,	5,492
James Leslie,	5,546
Caleb Hand,	5,541
Thomas S. Smith,	5,496
Thomas Snowden,	5,525
B. W. Tingley,	5,544
David Winebrenner,	5,413
John Rutherford, Sr.	4,765
John Troubat,	4,793
William Grime,	4,793
Hiram Sweet,	4,793
Aaron S. Lippincott,	4,821
John Porter,	4,799
Jacob Reed,	4,815
Henry G. Freeman,	4,740
Thomas Rotery,	4,822
William Dilworth,	4,806
John Ashton, Jr.	4,790
Henry J. Fongeray,	4,776
Jacob Hubell,	4,763
Jacob Keck,	4,777
John R. Patterson,	4,790
Perrie Price,	4,773
William Sharpe,	4,796
Lewis Ryan,	4,769
James Magee,	4,773
John Wilbank,	4,748
Governor.	
John Banks,	5,930
David R. Porter,	4,380
Mayor.	
John M. Scott,	5,659
Samuel Badger,	4,699
Sheriff.	
Henry Morris,	6,190
James H. Hutchinson,	3,984
Daniel Smith,	214
County Treasurer.	
Joseph Plankinton,	6,144
Hugh Clark,	3,636
Michael Faunce,	119
County Commissioner.	
John Lentz,	5,841
Henry D. Lentz,	4,450
Auditor.	
John Clawges,	5,777
Michael W. Ash,	4,621
Congress.	
Joseph R. Ingersol,	5,922
Thomas M. Pettit,	4,596
State Senator.	
Henry S. Spackman,	5,863
Jacob Gratz, (1 year)	5,784
George Emlen,	4,592
Robert Ewing, (1 year)	4,595
Assembly.	
William A. Crabb,	5,850
James B. Beers,	5,814
George Sharswood,	5,849
C. B. Trego,	5,848
E. Joy Morris,	5,835
John Rush,	5,804
William F. Boon,	5,836
David C. Skerret,	4,547
Aaron Waters,	4,517
Francis Brelsford,	4,523
Joseph H. Newbold,	4,539
William A. Stokes,	4,535
George F. Young,	4,520
W. Sayre Heysham,	4,466
Select Council.	
Thomas P. Cope,	5,532
Charles S. Smith,	5,536
Matthew Newkirk,	5,496
James Y. Humphreys,	5,542
John Trucks (two years)	5,494
Joseph R. Evans,	4,853
Samuel H. Perkins,	4,863
Michael Baker,	4,831
Evans Rogers,	4,834
William Camac (two years)	4,823

It will be seen that the Whigs have carried the city. The names of their candidates come first in the list.

The *Liberty Ticket* averaged about 100 votes. At the last election it was 60.

Horton, the Anti-Monopoly candidate for Governor, received, at the several City polls, forty or fifty votes—which were returned under the head of "scattering."

The average Whig majority on the City Assembly ticket is 1300; on the ticket for State Senate, 1260; on the Congress ticket, 1326; on the ticket for Mayor, 955; on the ticket of Select Council, 664; and on the Common Council, 772—exclusive of the Abolition and scattering votes.

County Returns.

Governor.	
David R. Porter	11099
John Banks	7332
F. Julius Lemoyne	47
Sheriff.	
J. H. Hutchinson	8904
Henry Morris	7613
Daniel Smith	2267
Manly Rowe	14
County Commissioner.	
Henry D. Lentz	1043
John Lentz	6860
A. G. Rowland	11

County Treasurer.	
Hugh Clark	5046
Joseph Plankinton	5441
J. S. Pickering	5
Auditor.	
Michael W. Ash	10400
John Clawges	6312
Elisha Swinney	4

Part of Moyamensing is not included in the above.

Senators.

Dem.		Whig.	
E. A. Penniman	11291	Peter A. Keyser	6839
Thos. McCully	10810	James Todd	6857

Assembly.

John Fetzer	10487	J. F. Hanckley	6822
John Painter	10471	Jacob Meyer	6839
Thos. M. Scott	10279	J. P. Heston	6846
J. L. Hancock	10473	T. Landoth	6830
William Bonsall	10470	Samuel Kern	6807
John W. Ryan	10463	T. Robinson	6842
John J. McCahen	10291	J. P. Townsend	6831
A. L. Roumfort	10293	G. W. Delaway	6816

Northern Liberties.

MAYOR.

Dem.		Whig.	
John M. Cannon	2440	John Conrad	1743

Spring Garden.

DISTRICT COMMISSIONERS.

Whigs.		Democrats.	
J. Parker,	490	E. Higgins,	447
A. M. Eastwick,	499	Thos. H. Forsyth,	454
J. M. Bolton,	496	J. N. Jack,	442
N. Grow,	497	S. Rex,	452
J. B. Barras,	501	J. Kenworthy,	436
Scattering,			5.

Recapitulation.

The vote for Governor and Sheriff in the city and county is as follows:

Governor.

	Porter.	Banks.
City,	4,380	5,930
County,	11,099	7,332
	15,479	13,262
	13,252	
Porter's maj.	2,227	

Sheriff.

	Hutchison.	Smith.	Morris.
City,	3,984	214	6,190
County,	8,894	2,265	7,613
	12,878	2,481	13,812
			12,878
Morris's majority,			934

Mr. Smith is a Democrat, and has been the unsuccessful candidate for Sheriff twice before. Not obtaining the Democratic nomination this year, he ran on his own strength.

The Legislature.

As far as heard from, the following is the result of the Election for Legislature.

STATE SENATE.

	Dem.	Whig.
Philadelphia county,	2	
Franklin, Cumberland and Adams,	2	
Philadelphia city,		*2
Dauphin and Lebanon,		1

* One to fill W. B. Reed's vacancy.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

	Dem.	Whig.
Philadelphia county,	8	
Franklin,	2	
Philadelphia city,		7
Cumberland,	2	
Adams county,		2
Lehigh,	1	
Schuylkill,	1	
Bucks,	3	
Delaware,		1
Chester,	2	
Berks,	4	
Northumberland,	1	
Chester,		2
Montgomery,	3	
York,	3	
Lancaster,		6
Lebanon,	1	
Perry,	1	
Dauphin,		2
Mifflin, Juniata and Union,	3	
Columbia,	1	
Huntingdon,		2
Lycoming, Clearfield and Clinton,	3	

Governor's Election.

Reported Majorities.

	PORTER.	BANKS.
Philada. county,	3767	
Philada. city,		1560
Cumberland,	950	
Berks,	4536	
Delaware,		301
Bucks,	434	
Northampton,	1150	
Lancaster,		3164
Lehigh,	234	
Franklin (in part)	300	
Lebanon,		293
Montgomery,	1263	
York,	1332	
Chester,		220
Schuylkill,	900	
Adams,*		386
Huntingdon,		600
Perry,	963	
Northumberland,	963	
Union,		600
Mifflin,	210	
Columbia,	1600	
Lycoming,	900	
Dauphin,		375
Monroe,	1600	

* Thaddeus Stephens is elected to the Assembly by 200 majority.

The Harrisburg Reporter claims a majority of 20,000 for Porter. The Inquirer (Whig) says it will probably reach 15,000.

New Jersey Election.

We have received the result of the State Election in New Jersey, held on Tuesday and Wednesday, from the following counties and towns:

Burlington county, Whig majority,	460
Mercer, " "	90
Burlington city, " "	21

FOR ASSEMBLY.

	Whig. Council.	Whig. House.	Dem. Council.	Dem. House.
Burlington,	1	5		
Cumberland,	1	3		
Mercer,	1	3		
Hudson,	1	1		
Essex,	1	7		
Cape May,	1	1		
Somerset,	1	3		
Middlesex,	1	4		
Morris,	1	4		
Gloucester,		2	1	2
Salem,		2	1	1
Bergen,			1	2
Sussex,			1	3
Warren,			1	3
Passaic,			1	1
Hunterdon,			1	4
Atlantic,			1	1
	9	36	8	17
Monmouth not in, probably Dem.			1	4
			9	21

The present Governor, Pennington, a Whig, will therefore be re-elected by the Assembly.

Maryland Election.

Returns from all the counties in the State have been received, and give Francis Thomas, democratic candidate for Governor, a majority of 565 votes over Johnson. The House of Delegates will consist of 36 whigs and 12 opposition members, not including the tie in Queen Anne's. The whig majority in the Senate still secures a whig majority on joint ballot.

Georgia Election.

Sixty-seven counties have been heard from, which give McDonald, democratic candidate for Governor, 36,055, for Dawson, whig, 33,161. McDonald's majority so far 2895. Twenty-six counties remain to be heard from.

Wilmington, Del.

An election for City Councils took place at Wilmington, Del., on Tuesday last. The democrats carried their ticket throughout.

Election in Wisconsin.

Dodge (opposition) is probably elected a Delegate to Congress in Wisconsin by 400 to 600.

McLeod.

Immediately after the rendition of the verdict in his favor, McLeod left the court house in company with his counsel. There was no commotion, no attempt to insult him. This is a sad rebuke to the slanders of many of the Canadian presses.

Emigrants.

Hundreds of emigrants continue to quit the old world for the new. The ship Roscius has just arrived at New York with three hundred and fifty on board.

General News.

WONDERFUL TRAVELLING.—A distance of 57 miles has been travelled on the common road, in a Bath chair, by electro-magnetic power, in one hour and a half. The applications came over daily from St. Alban's to the Bank of England in the said chair in half an hour, at an expense of six-pence. The model of an electro-magnetic engine, which has been exhibiting at the Adelaide Gallery for some days, is an instance of ingenious mechanical arrangement, whereby contact is broken and renewed, the poles reversed, &c. and from its performances gave great promise of practical powers on a larger scale. The battery employed is the nitric acid, or Grove's battery. Of the invention that has done the great feat, and established the successful application of this wonderful agent, we know little more than its success. We hear that the increase of power is due to the discovery of a new combination of elements; that this is the secret of the moving power; and that the battery is to be the subject of a patent.

THE DEATH OF A BOY.—The New York Express states that on Sunday evening last, the Coroner held an inquest at No. 7 Franklin street, on the body of John Waters, a boy of fourteen years of age. The deceased was employed in the office of the "Spirit of the Times," in folding papers in the damp and unhealthy basement, under the American Hotel; and on Friday night went there, as usual, to execute his task of folding. Not knowing that he was in there, the door of the basement was locked on Friday night, and the boy being missing on Saturday morning, the door was forced, and he found lying on the ground insensible. He was conveyed home, and died at half past one o'clock on Sunday morning. Dr. Maxwell made a post mortem examination, and the jury found a verdict of "Death from Apoplexy."

A SHOCKING DEATH.—On Sunday, the New York coroner held an inquest at the house of Captain John Helme, in 125th street, between the 3d and 4th Avenues, on the body of his son, John Dayton Helme, aged fourteen. The deceased, who was a good rider, mounted, and rode a spirited horse on Saturday afternoon, when the animal becoming suddenly frightened, started and threw the boy, whose foot was kept fast in the stirrup leather, while his head dragged on the ground more than a quarter of a mile, tearing off the scalp and causing death in ten minutes afterward. Verdict, that he died of injuries received by being accidentally thrown from a horse on the 9th inst.

THE FRENCH SQUADRON.—The Norfolk Beacon of Friday week says—"The division of the West India squadron under the command of Vice Admiral Arnous, consisting of the frigate L'Armide, Capt. Garnier, brigs Bisson, Captain D'Augilfecourt, and L'Assiou, Captain Louvel, sailed yesterday for Martinique. This squadron has been in our waters for about six weeks, and has not, we learn, lost a man by desertion or sickness. The deportment of the officers and crews were correct and gentlemanly, and we learn that they left our harbor highly gratified by the hospitalities of our citizens."

HOME SQUADRON.—We learn that this squadron is to be composed of the following vessels: The Independence, razee; the frigate Columbia; the sloops of war Falmouth and Vandalia; the brig Boxer; the schooner Grampus, and the two steam frigates, Mississippi and Missouri.

Orders have been sent to our Navy Yard for the construction of two steamers of the medium size, carrying six hundred tons. One of them is to be propelled on the principle of the Archimedes screw.

BRITISH NAVAL FORCES.—The Quebec Mercury of the 7th says:—"It is stated in a private letter, dated Halifax, 2d October, that Admiral Sir C. Adams, Commander on the North American and West India station, had arrived the previous evening in H. M. S. Pique. A rumor prevailed in Halifax that Her Majesty's ships now in the West Indies had been ordered to rendezvous there to wait the event of McLeod's trial, and that the arrival of some of them might be hourly expected. We give this report as we received it."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FLEETS.—France has now in commission, 161 vessels of war, including 28 armed steamers, of which 39 mount from 36 to 120 guns. England has 183 vessels in commission, including 29 steamers, of which forty mount from 36 to 120 guns. Should a war occur between the United States and Great Britain, it is pretty evident that we shall meet trouble on the water, unless we can borrow the navy of our Gallic friend. In single combats, however, our tars cannot be beaten!

COLT.—The Hartford Review of Saturday contradicts the rumors that have been afloat in regard to the family of this young man. The intelligence of the son's arrest was first communicated to his father in private by an intimate friend of the family, and it is not true as has been stated, that the father became deranged in consequence; neither is it true that he had previously discarded his son for filial disobedience.

AN UNFORTUNATE TEMPER.—The Montreal Herald thus vents its spleen upon Grogan, and his countrymen:—"We again do ourselves the honor of complimenting the rascal sent, and the rascals who receive him, on their strong mutual friendship for each other, and they may feel assured, that the British Government will not dirty its hands with any of them, if they will only be careful to keep out of its reach."

GOODS.—The New York Express says there is undoubtedly an immense stock of goods on hand, much larger of some descriptions than is wanted, or than will be sold for months to come. The temptation to escape the new duty, has been such, that many foreign houses have been induced to ship, and the disposition to advance on consignments, is the great cause of the rise in Foreign Bills.

A MILL BURNT.—We learn from the Cumberland (Md.) Civilian of Saturday, that the mill of Mr. David Ellis, situated a few miles below Old Town, in Allegheny county, was destroyed by fire on Friday night, October 1, with a large quantity of grain. It is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. The loss is estimated at between two and three thousand dollars.

NEW PRISONS.—We have seen a letter from a distinguished gentleman abroad, stating that the English model prison will be finished next year. It is on the plan of separate confinement, and it is thought that when finished, it will be the most complete prison in the world. An institution of the same plan is in the course of erection at Perth, Scotland.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—We learn from the Savannah papers that the boiler of the United States steam vessel Beaufort exploded on the 4th inst. when the boat was about eight miles from the mouth of St. John's river, and killed four blacks and one white boy, named James Jones. Another black was badly scalded, and is not expected to live.

BANK ROBBERS GUILTY.—The Albany Journal says that A. Brown, T. J. Green, and W. C. Francisco, were severally arraigned on Tuesday last before the Herkimer County General Sessions, on the charge of robbing the Herkimer County Bank of 72,000, and plead guilty on the charge. They will receive their sentences at the close of the term.

SINGULAR ARITHMETICAL FACT.—Multiply the figure 9 by any other single figure, and the two figures composing the reduct, added together, will make 9. Thus, 9 multiplied by 4 makes 36, which two figures added together make 9, and so with all other figures.

A LIBEL.—The editors of the New York Commercial say that they have been served with a writ for a libel, at the suit of Samuel O. Ogden and Richard H. Southgate, wherein the damages are laid at the pretty sum of *one hundred thousand dollars.*

THE SCOURGE AT VICKSBURG.—A letter, says the Cincinnati Chronicle, written by a merchant at Memphis to his partner in this city, states that at Vicksburg on the 26th ult. there were fifteen deaths of yellow fever, and seven the day previous.

THE BELLE POULE.—The Madisonian states that the frigate Belle Poule, which carries the Prince de Joinville, was one of the first of the French vessels to fire a gun in behalf of the Americans, in the revolutionary war.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—We learn that J. Washington Tyson has been appointed Commissary General, and that John G. Watmough has been appointed Surveyor of the Port in Mr. Tyson's place.

A RICH FREIGHT.—A new and elegant steamer, the Louisa, recently left St. Louis, having two boats in tow, and carrying upwards of 900 tons of freight, being the largest ever sent from that port by one vessel.

THE REPEALERS.—It is said that there are 2,000,000 of people in Ireland, already pledged to Repeal; and that at the great Leinster meeting, 100,000 attended, no less than 20,000 being mounted men.

FISHERMEN CAPTURED.—The Boston Courier states that the schooners Morse, Bennet, and Egret, Spears, of Gloucester, were captured by an English privateer 23d ult., and carried to Guysboro', N. S.

AN ELECTION was held in New Orleans on the 29th and 30th ult. and 1st inst. for a member of the Legislature. Mr. Hunt, the whig candidate, was elected by forty majority over Col. Peire.

THE U. S. LOAN.—The New York Courier states that part, if not the whole of the United States Loan, lately advertised, has been taken at par for a six per cent. stock.

IMMENSE PORKER.—Among the attractions at the New Haven Agricultural fair, was a hog weighing fourteen hundred pounds. This was literally a "whole hog."

THE BREACH IN THE CANAL.—The Harrisburg Reporter states that the breach on the Pennsylvania Canal above Duncan's Island, will be immediately repaired.

ARRIVED.—Colonel John Hare Powell and family, of Philadelphia, arrived at New York on Friday week, in the packet ship Hendrick Hudson, from London.

A GREAT FIRE.—Letters from Constantinople state that between 300 and 400 houses were burned near the Seven Towers on the 23d of August.

LUNAR RAINBOW.—A beautiful lunar rainbow was visible from Kennebec between eight and nine o'clock, on Saturday evening, the 2d inst.

ELIZABETHTOWN (N. J.) RAILWAY.—That portion of the Railway between Bound Brook and Somerville, will be completed within a month.

A HEAVY BUSINESS.—It is said that the traffic on the London and Birmingham Railway, has risen to within very little of £20,000 per week.

LARGE PUMPKIN.—A pumpkin weighing one hundred and fifty-two pounds was exhibited at the late Agricultural fair at New Haven.

A VALUABLE HORSE.—The celebrated horse "Physician," was recently sold in England for five hundred guineas, to go to France.

DARING BURGLARY AT BALTIMORE.—Two persons were arrested on Sunday night at Schoolcraft's Hotel. They were previously suspected of being thieves, and were closely watched, and detected in the act of robbing the rooms at the hotel; and, when detected, threw parcels of money from the windows of the room in which they lodged into the trees in front of the house. The amount taken was found to be about $2,000, nearly all of which was recovered. The villains were arrested and committed to await their trial at the present term of the City Court.

THE PENAL CODE OF ALABAMA passed by the last Legislature, took effect on the 1st inst. The Mobile correspondent of the New York Advertiser writes that it is one of the most rigid and severe laws of any State in the Union—so much so as to make many sections of it a "dead letter." The kind and warm-hearted sympathies of the people are a serious barrier to a rigid administration of justice. Penitentiary is not yet quite completed. A good deal of opposition prevails in that State to the Penitentiary system.

FROM HAVANA.—The schooner Warren arrived at Charleston on the 8th inst. from Havana, which place she left on the 1st. A manifesto of the Intendant now Don Geronimo Valdes, dated the 29th September, declares that pistareens, which have heretofore passed currently at 25 cents a piece, hereafter in all dues, shall only be taken at their real value, 20 cents, and that an old law to that effect will be strictly enforced.

A QUEER STORY.—The Newbern, N. C., Spectator says—"We have been informed that dame nature has performed a most singular freak among the testaceous tribe, in the county of Cabarees. The scallops, oysters and clams had taken the scarlet fever, and all are found upon being opened to contain a quantity of blood, and bloody gelatinous matter. This is a singular fact in the natural history of those marine productions, and deserves investigation."

THE MAHOMMEDANS AND BOOKS.—It is stated that the Fatimite Sultans collected 2,600,000 books, which were respected by Saladin. The late Sultan was a fine writer, and a patron of letters. Some of the Caliphs, too, patronized the arts and sciences as much as Pericles.

HOME SQUADRON.—It is now ascertained that this squadron will be composed of the following ships of war:—Razee, Independence, frigate Columbia, sloops Falmouth and Vandalia, brig Boxer, schooner Grampus, and steamers Missouri and Mississippi.

THE STEAMSHIP CALEDONIA, from Boston for Halifax and Liverpool, which left Boston on Saturday, the 2d instant, was seen on Sunday, the 3d, at 11 o'clock, making but slow headway. It was blowing a gale at the time.

A NEW NATIONAL STEAM FRIGATE is about to be commenced at New York, and is to be propelled by Hunter's horizontal propellers. Her construction is a sort of an experiment on a large scale.

A MAN STABBED.—John Mather, who was one of the few persons who escaped from the wreck of the Home, was dangerously stabbed in New York, a night or two ago, by a drunkard.

City News.

SCHUYLKILL COAL TRADE.—The shipments from this region last week, including the Little Schuylkill, amount to 22,107 tons. Total this season, 449,174 tons—of this amount 193,335 tons were brought over the Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven Railroad, and shipped from Schuylkill Haven. The shipments to same period last year, 339,988 tons. Excess in favor of 1841, 109,186 tons. Freights to Philadelphia at $2; to New York, $4,10.

STABBING.—On Sunday evening last, a large number of colored people congregated together in Seventh below St. Mary street, commenced quarrelling and fighting. In a scuffle which ensued between two women, one of them named Ann Johnson, stabbed another named Elizabeth King, severely in the face. Johnson was arrested and taken before Alderman Campbell, who committed her to the county prison. King was carried to the Hospital.

FUGITIVE ARRESTED.—A man named Thos. Brown was on Sunday morning arrested by Levin H. Smith, as a fugitive from the justice of the State of New York, charged there with the larceny of $1300, the property of a man named Moore. Brown was on the point of leaving for Ireland, and had engaged and paid for his passage to Europe, in a vessel from this port.

ACCIDENT.—A boy named Murphy, aged about 12 years, was killed at the corner of Eighth and Market streets, on Tuesday, by being run over by a burden car on the Railroad. We are informed that he was on the car and fell off, although the tram was moving slowly. The wheel came in contact with his head before he could be recovered from his position.

CHILD BURNED.—On Monday afternoon, a small child, the parents of which reside in Coates street, between Second and Third, was burned in a most shocking manner, by its clothes taking fire. The mother of the child went out, leaving it alone in a room in which a fire had been kindled, and with which it probably played in her absence.

ATTACHMENTS.—At the suit of Fletcher, Alexander & Co. and Brown, Brothers & Co. two attachments were on Monday morning issued by the prothonotary of the District Court against Munroe Edwards, *alias* John P. Caldwell, to attach such goods, chattels, moneys and effects, as belong to him, and as yet are in possession of Recorder Vaux.

A GRAND COW CHASE.—There was quite an aquatic fete on Sunday on the Delaware. A drove of cows contrived, by the breaking of the chain, to tumble from the steam ferry boat into the river. A few swam to the Island, others were caught and hoisted upon the wharf, with ropes attached to their horns. It was a busy scene for a time.

STEALING UNDER THE EYE OF JUSTICE.—On Monday a juror in the District Court had his hat stolen, containing a pocket handkerchief. He was obliged to return to his house bare headed.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.—The Sunday Excursions on Steamboats up and down the river have been discontinued for the season.

Shipwreck and Loss of Life.

The Quebec Gazette gives the following particulars of the loss of the barque Amanda, of Limerick, communicated in a letter dated

"METIS, 29th September, 1841.

"I have to inform you of the loss of the barque Amanda, Captain Davis, from Limerick, which came on shore at Little Metis Point, at 5 o'clock on the 26th inst. She had 40 passengers and a crew of 18. The captain, two seamen and two apprentices, were among the saved."

A. C. Buchanan, Esq., emigrant agent has kindly favored us with the following list of the passengers and crew of the barque Amanda, Solomon Davis, master, bound for Quebec, cleared on the 17th August, and sailed on the 22d August from Limerick:

Passengers saved.—James O'Neill and Catharine O'Neill, of the county of Clare; Patrick Hanlan, county Kerry; Timothy Murphy, Michl. Hall, Maurice Hall, Philip Sarsfield, James Nevill and Margaret Malony, of the county of Limerick, and Ann O'Neill, of the county of Cork—Total passengers saved—10.

Passengers Lost.—Stephen Rennals, county of Clare; James Slattery, Patrick Clancy, Ann Murry, Mary Hall, Mary Hall, (aged 60) John Hinchey, Margaret Hinchey, John Hinchey, Maria Hinchey, Frederick Harden, Daniel Carney, Jeremiah Conners, Catharine Eustace, of Limerick; John O'Brien, of the county of Clare; Mary Cummins, Bridget Cummins, Ann Cummins, Catharine Cummins, and Michl. Cummins, of the county of Galway; Julia Crawley and Patrick O'Neill of Clare; and Thomas Kennedy, of Dingle—29.

Male adults lost 11—Female adults lost 12.—Total adults 23—Children lost 6—Total passengers lost 29.

Crew Saved.—Solomon Davis, master; Edward Boundy, second mate; Timothy Behane, seaman; Patrick O'Brien and John Donnelly, apprentices; also one seaman name unknown—Total 6.

Crew Lost.—Patrick Beake, 1st. mate; James McIndry, carpenter; Michl. Higerty, cook; John Fuley, steward; David Keefe, John Harpier, John Graham, Thomas Allan, Patrick Shannon, Thomas Harte and John Hines, seamen; James Cusack, and Francis Johnson, apprentices.—Total crew lost 12.

Another Revolution in Mexico.

Recent advices from Mexico authorize the belief that another struggle is about to take place among the different leaders of Mexico, for the mastery in that self-abused country:

"Santa Anna has collected a considerable force at Perote, where he reviewed his troops on the 30th ult. Several corps were on their march from different points to join the main body. No one supposed this force was intended immediately to operate either against Yucatan or Texas—though it might eventually take one or the other directions, according to circumstances.

At Xalisco, in Guadalaxara, a state convention, the call for which we noticed on a previous arrival, had been held—it declared in favor of the constitution of 1824—formed a state convention and appointed General Paredes Governor. The State of Guanajuato, Vera Cruz, Tamaulipas, Palapa, and indeed all of Southern Mexico, have followed that example, and pronounced in favor of restoring the Constitution of '24.

The Censor of the 1st of Sept. (the latest received) asserts that 'Gov. Paredes, approaches the Central capital, operating in unison with an old friend, who has with him some companions.' The old friend alluded to is undoubtedly Santa Anna; and when it is considered that the Censor paper has long been the mouth-piece of the sentiments of that chief, it gives force to a report that he has formed a union with the Federals, for the double purpose of driving present usurpers from power, and regaining the reins of Government which he lost on his defeat at San Jacinto. A gentleman who arrived at Vera Cruz with the conducta, on the 30th, and who has arrived here, informs that they met Santa Anna's army on the road; and the belief was generally and freely expressed by the citizens, that he was marching to the capital."

A Dreadful Accident.

On Saturday afternoon, says the Baltimore American, "five lads, between the ages of twelve and fifteen years, were playing about a sand bank a short distance from the city on the Bel-Air road, when the bank gave way and buried three of them under it, from which they were not extricated until they were dead. It appears that the three went into the pit and endeavored to throw down the bank by loosening the earth with sticks. The two who were on top saw the earth giving way, and warned their companions of their danger, but before they could retire the earth fell on them. Assistance was immediately procured, and the bodies taken out after a lapse of about forty minutes, but all exertions to restore life were unavailing. One of the deceased lads was a son of Mr. James Fleming, another the son of Mr. Charles Grimes, and the third a son of Mr. W. F. Bokee, all residing in or near north Gay street."

Late and Important from Florida

Three steamers arrived yesterday from Florida, bringing intelligence from the seat of war up to a late date.

From letters and verbal information by these arrivals, we make up the subjoined condensed summary of the news received.

There has been quite a heavy storm at the South, but we are glad to learn that no serious damage was sustained.

On Sunday, 26th ult. eight miles from Gary's Ferry, a party of Indians killed Mr. Jonathan Thiggin and a Mr. Barber, and drove off some cattle, taking with them about twenty bushels of corn; they were followed the next day, and the place found where they had camped during the night.

On the 29th, near Black Creek, Messrs. Bleach and Penner were fired on, and the former killed. The latter escaped. On the 30th, about eight miles from Fort Crane, two brothers named Hallards were killed.

The Express rider due at Palatka on Sunday night, had not arrived when the Newbern left at five P. M. on Monday, and it was feared that he had been killed.

Accident to the U. S. Steamer Beaufort.—We have seen a letter from Captain Peck, from which we learn that one of the boilers of this boat burst on Monday, 4th inst. at one o'clock, A. M. scalding one white boy, named James Jones, and five blacks. Four of the blacks and the white boy were killed.

The white boy, we understand, is a son of Mr. James V. Jones, Carpenter, of this city.

The negroes scalded are—

Abram, free, Savannah—dead.

Cosine, belonging to Mr. Middleton, of this city—dead.

Sike, belonging to Mr. Pynchon, of this city—dead.

One unknown—dead.

Ned, belonging to St. Mary's—not expected to live.

The boat at the time of the accident was in the St. John's River, about eight miles from the mouth. Her hull is not much injured, the explosion being in an upward direction, breaking the main and promenade decks. She was towed to Palatka on Monday, by the steamer Newbern.—*Savannah Republican, Oct. 7.*

More Exploits of the Great Forger and Swindler.

It appears from some letters published in the Boston Advertiser, that Col. Monroe Edwards has been practising his tricks in England. He forged a letter in the name of Daniel Webster recommending said Edwards to the kind consideration and attention of Earl Spencer, and requesting the latter to lend Edwards assistance in carrying out a laudable object, the emancipation of 200 African captives illegally held as slaves in Texas. Earl Spencer received the letter last spring, and was waited upon by Edwards, who asked the loan of 250 pounds, offering as security certain bonds and receipts upon some bank in the United States. Earl Spencer referred him to his solicitor, who took the letter to the Messrs. Baring. The latter said the letter was a genuine one, and the money was lent him, as he pretended to be in difficulties and could not get assistance. Lord Brougham who has assisted him before being abroad, and the American Minister at London being indisposed to aid him because he was adverse to the object Edward's had in view. This plausible tale was believed until an interview took place between Lord Brougham and Earl Spencer, when the character of the swindler was exposed. Lord Brougham had been presented by Edwards with a similar letter, pretending to come from Daniel Webster, and a loan was asked, but Gen. Hamilton, the Minister from the Republic of Texas, wrote to Lord Brougham to say that this Edwards had been convicted and imprisoned for forgery in Texas, and had escaped from jail. Mr. Webster has just been made acquainted with the facts, by letters received by the Acadia. Mr. Webster says that Edwards tried to play off similar frauds some time ago on Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Forsyth.

Water Spout on Lake Erie.

On Friday evening last, says the Cleveland Herald, between 5 and 6 o'clock, our citizens enjoyed the sight of a rare and imposing exhibition in the natural world, commonly known as a "water spout," which passed in front of the town, within a mile of the Beacon Light.

It seems that what we call a whirlwind upon land, causes a water spout at sea, when the aerial forces are sufficiently powerful to raise water.

These whirls or whirlpools in the atmosphere, result from the meeting of different currents of air, and form a vortex in the same manner as eddies in running water by obstructions or counter currents. On Friday the wind blew strong from the N. E. until about 5 P. M., when it changed suddenly to west, still blowing a gale, and bringing onward a dark and threatening storm. A few minutes before the change of wind, the whirl which caused the spout, came off the land two miles west of the pier, producing a great agitation of the water, raising and driving about the spray with great fury, the sea running high at the time. In a short time a portion of the low black cloud which lay directly over the troubled portion of the water, descended in the form of a large sack, half way to the surface of the Lake. It was apparently of the size of a large hay stack, hollow, and the spray or vapor of which it was composed had a spiral and upward motion, around the cavity of the column. It proceeded from shore in a N. Easterly direction, not in a regular track, but with constant and sudden deviations, perhaps two miles; the portion descending from the clouds, at times almost dispersed by the strength of the gale.

From Canton.

We have an arrival from Canton, at New York—the ship Lowell. She sailed on the 20th from Macao and on coming out met the British Fleet from Calcutta, bound up the river, having on board Sir George Gordon Bremer, Commander-in-Chief, and Colonel Pottinger, the new British Envoy. The fleet consisted of ten ships of war of different sizes.

Captain Rummonds says that there was not much change in the position of affairs when he left Canton.—The Chinese had principally left the city, at least that part of it within the services of the residents of British factory, who could only occasionally see a Chinese soldier apparently without arms observing them. The river was almost deserted by boats, and the usual scene of activity was entirely gone. Some difficulty had occured in regard to securing the American vessels at Canton. The Huntress, whose cargo was either ready or on board, had not on that account been despatched.

When Capt. Rummonds was on the point of saying he learned that the British at Canton, were all on the point of quitting there, the Chinese Troops continued encamped outside the walls apparently in large numbers.

Another Murder.

Two men named Christopher Donnegan, and Jeremiah Casey, were killed on Staten Island on Sunday last. It appears that Mr. Borras, the Superintendent of Fortifications, had missed two boats and despatched these two men with a third one, whose name we could not ascertain, in search of them.—In the course of the evening, some inhabitants of the island were alarmed with the cry of murder, and on proceeding to the shore, found this one man in his boat with his head badly cut, his right arm broken, and his person bruised and bloody. He stated that his two companions quarrelled with him, attacked him, and endeavored to drown him, but that he had proved too much for them, and succeeded in throwing them both overboard. They had all been drinking, and were probably intoxicated. The survivor was taken to the guard house at Fort Hamilton. He is a new hand, whereas the other two were old workmen, and it was feared that the laborers on the island would attack him if he appeared there. Both of the men drowned left families.

Escape of a Convict.

The New York Courier states that on Saturday afternoon about 2 o'clock, an Englishman named James Fitzsimmons, who, with another, was convicted of robbing Mr. P. Lorillard of his pocket book, at the South Market, and who was sentenced to the State Prison for five years, succeeded in making his escape from the City Prison. It appeared that he was confined in a cell with a prisoner named Shaw, charged with burglary and theft. Shaw's wife coming to visit him, was admitted to the cell, and the door being left open, Fitzsimmons walked out, and along the gallery, down the stairs, across the yard, and through the front office, passing several keepers and going out into the street without observation. His escape was discovered ten minutes afterwards, and several officers despatched after him, but up to a late hour he had not been found.

A Sad Picture.

The New York Sun gives the following as an extract of a letter, dated

UPPER CALIFORNIA,
Monterey, June 26, 1841.

"California is in a most wretched state; there has not been a drop of rain for over thirteen months, and all vegetation has in consequence ceased. On the whole coast there is not a month's supply of bread stuffs or vegetables of any description. No cattle will be killed this year, and of course all business in hides will be stopped. The distress will be dreadful."

Health Office, Oct. 9, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington. From the 2d to the 9th of October.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Liver,	1	0	Brought over,	29	23
Apoplexy,	3	0	—Typhus,	2	0
Bowel Complaint,	0	1	—Scarlet,	0	2
Casualties,	0	2	Gangrene of Lungs,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	1
Cholerosis,	1	0	—Bronchi,	1	0
Colic,	1	0	—Lungs,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	3	—Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	2	Inflammation of Bowels,	1	1
Diarrhœa,	2	1	Intemperance,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	0	Inanition,	0	1
—Abdominal,	1	1	Marasmus,	1	5
—Head,	1	1	Old Age,	1	0
Disease of Spinal Marrow,	1	0	Palsy,	2	0
—Throat,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Dysentery,	2	3	Small Pox,	0	3
Debility,	0	4	Still Born,	0	8
Enlargement of the Heart,	0	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Fever	1	1	Trismus,	0	1
—Congestive,	0	1	Ulcerated Sore Throat,	1	0
—Remittent,	2	1	Unknown,	1	0
Carried over,	29	23	Total,	91	44 50

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct.	3,	46	44	43
	4,	47	51	54
	5,	47	53	60
	6,	49	60	63
	7,	49	57	56
	8,	56	59	59
	9,	56	63	67

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 30th Sept. to the 13th Oct.

September 30, received from

W. G. Allen,	63 00	F. Bougher,	2 00
E. Lare, Esq.	20 00	E. Eby,	7 00
L. T. Mason, Esq.	15 00	J. Kongmacher,	2 00
H. J. Breck,	5 00	P. Snyder,	2 00
A. C. Boyer,	4 00	H. G. Williams,	5 00
J. Stone, Esq.	10 00	S. S. Colwell,	4 00
F. Barnett,	4 00	A. Line,	2 00
L. A. Erwin, Esq.	17 50	J. A. Renfrow, Esq.	15 00
H. D. Sidner,	3 00	J. Kyle,	2 00
S. Mallock,	4 50	J. A. Warren,	2 00
A. Headline,	4 00	H. McWilliams	2 00
G. L. Thomas,	2 00	F. Calighan	2 00
J. Hailer,	2 00		
October 1.			
W. C. Stewart,	5 00	S. Styles,	2 00
M. J. Moore,	5 00	D. Joslin,	2 00
R. Sibley,	3 00	A. C. Logan,	2 00
Wm. C. Devall,	3 00	W. S. Vail,	1 00
A. C. Williams,	3 00	T. W. Blakey,	1 00
A. N. Bourden, Esq.	10 00	W. S. Coudrey,	2 00
J. Day,	2 00	J. McClure,	2 00
J. Elder,	2 00	M. McCurdy,	2 00
M. Bernard,	5 00	R. M. Keyle,	2 00
J. R. Covell,	1 00	J. Weadle,	2 00
J. M. Neff,	6 00	S. Spencer,	2 00
H. D. Hoffecker,	3 00	J. B. Springer,	4 00
J. S. Crawford,	3 00	G. Downing,	1 00
W. Stewart, Esq.	10 00		
October 2.			
B. Bateman,	3 00	Jacob Coffman,	3 00
J. R. Blair,	3 00	W. Lee,	2 00
J. C. Taylor,	3 00	J. Leaming,	2 00
G. R. Piper,	5 00	D. J. Mays, Esq.	16 61
R. Freeman,	4 00	J. P. Perkins,	2 00
M. D. Davis,	3 00	A. M. Boyle,	2 00
B. T. Stark,	2 50	S. Hart,	2 00
R. J. Coles,	1 50	G. L. Douglas,	6 00
W. C. Wyat,	2 00	S. Simpson,	2 00
D. Harmer,	1 00	W. J. White,	7 00
J. Kinnick,	2 00	T. Hatch,	2 00
Jesse Cleaver,	2 00	S. J. Bennett	5 00
October 4.			
P. C. Laws, Esq.	26 00	J. M. Price, Esq.	10 00
R. G. Clark,	5 00	Andw. Loy,	2 00
S. E. Conner,	5 00	Geo. Ray, Sr.	3 00
J. C. Mann,	5 00	J. Burlinghame, Esq.	10 00
F. Renfrew,	7 00	Jno. A. Hughes, Esq.	20 00
S. Mills, Esq.	10 00	L. Kenney,	1 25
Chas. Tuler,	1 00	C. A. Bullock,	3 00
A. McCracken,	5 00	P. V. W. Smith,	7 00
P. Graves, Esq.	15 00	J. H. Foster,	2 00
R. T. Stone, Esq.	10 00	G. L. Maxwell, Esq.	20 00
D. Vinall,	2 00	King & Laury,	15 00
D. H. Wanser,	1 00	S. L. Rogers, Esq.	10 00
J. A. Banning,	2 00	L. Collins,	8 00
C. B. Couch,	2 00	O. B. Stiper, Esq.	10 00
J. Bessler,	1 00	N. C. Brooks,	3 00
A. Goodwin,	4 00	J. O. Montgomery,	1 00
J. R. Campbell,	2 00	R. Green, Esq.	20 00
J. Strong,	3 67	C. Carter, Esq.	10 00
October 5.			
E. Tillett,	2 00	Wm. Nash, Esq.	23 00
S. P. Cooper,	1 00	B. Shrackleford,	2 00
J. McCrea,	1 00	J. G. Stein,	3 00
Wm. C. Jay,	3 00	G. Ely,	3 00
A. Haines,	2 00	A. Palmer,	5 00
L. Nolley,	2 00	G. T. Dunn, Esq.	15 00
T. P. Martin, Esq.	25 00	B. Wright,	6 00
L. Rush,	1 25	C. Burns,	2 00
A. McConnell,	7 00	Z. P. Riley,	3 00
Saml. Black,	7 00	C. Hobbs,	5 00
Isaac Arnold,	3 00	S. Carlin,	2 00
J. S. Brubaker,	2 00	S. Cunningham,	1 00
J. Bancroft,	2 00	S. Reichard,	2 00
Saml. Glace,	5 00	J. Reichard,	2 00
J. Barnett, Esq.	26 00	T. W. Gibb,	2 00
October 6.			
H. Wall,	2 00	A. R. Angell,	5 00
C. Davis,	2 00	S. McCarty,	4 00
J. R. Hunt,	3 00	Saml. Larkin,	2 00
W. Mills,	2 00	J. B. Anthony,	2 00
R. J. May,	2 00	A. Thompson,	2 00
D. A. Young,	3 00	Geo. W. Little,	2 00
T. Galt,	2 00	J. Stauffer,	2 00
J. Hayes,	4 50	Wm. Feeth,	4 00
N. Manning,	2 00	R. W. Orwalt,	2 00
R. Beck,	7 00	J. Zimmers,	1 00
D. Wilson,	2 00	A. Bateman,	2 00
A. L. Ruhe,	1 00		
October 7.			
J. Alleman,	2 00	M. M. Kier,	3 00
Jacob Black,	2 00	J. Merwin,	3 00
Geo. Mintzer,	2 00	R. M. McFarland,	5 00
H. Hardy, Esq.	26 00	J. F. Trowbridge,	2 00
Thos. Grant, Esq.	20 00	R. P. White,	2 00
F. Smith,	3 00	P. Putnam,	2 00
M. J. Hall,	2 00	C. J. Penson,	2 00
R. Hawkins,	5 00	L. Brown,	2 00
L. E. Bullock,	2 00	J. McFair,	2 00
L. Beecom,	2 00	V. P. Richmond,	1 00
October 1.			
J. L. Wyon, Esq.	15 00	T. H. Wright,	5 00
O. Ormsby,	3 00	G. Byrne,	2 00
H. A. Wright,	3 00	J. Medley,	2 00
J. Nimson, Esq.	10 00	O. Sexton,	2 00
L. W. Candler,	2 00	J. B. Taylor,	5 00
C. Reed, Esq.	9 50	C. L. Landry,	2 00
A. R. Brewer,	2 00	J. Baumgardner	2 00
C. Hammond,	2 00	J. F. Fisher,	2 00
L. Washbon,	2 00	J. H. Reno,	4 00
L. N. Beardsley,	4 00	C. Woodward,	2 00
J. Harris,	1 00	J. Longstaff,	2 00
S. Thomas, Jr.	10 00	H. Earle,	2 00
C. Stone,	2 00	A. P. Holcombe,	2 00
J. Rowell,	2 00	R. Taylor,	2 00
A. Cheeseborough,	2 00		
October 9.			
F. Orme,	5 00	J. Pane,	2 00
W. J. Dawson,	5 00	J. Manderson,	2 00
J. T. Wilson, Esq.	10 00	Susan Lowry,	2 00
J. E. Cameron,	2 00	Jno. M. Potts, Esq.	20 00
S. Vinton,	5 00	G. Tomlinson,	2 00
G. P. Mason,	2 00	S. S. Bailey,	2 00
M. McEwen,	2 00	H. G. Gadley,	2 00
J. M. Taylor,	3 00	M. L. Graham,	5 00
J. W. Downes, Esq.	20 00	C. Cady	2 00
Capt. Goldsmith,	32 50	N. Rice,	2 00
Jas. Wildman,	2 00	S. Frisbie,	2 00
Jos. Hutchinson,	2 00	B. Beverly,	2 00
Chas. Canley, Esq.	10 00	D. Purviance,	5 00
Wm. Yard, Esq.	10 00	S. S. Williams,	2 00
Wm. Wilt,	2 00		
October 11.			
J. Tillett,	5 00	H. Wood,	2 00
J. W. Dale,	5 00	E. Loomis,	2 00
S. O. Seale,	3 00	S. A. Kern,	2 00
H. O. Hurd, Esq.	10 00	T. Tuttle,	2 00
H. W. Hech,	3 00	Chandler Way,	3 00
S. S. Brail,	5 00	L. Rogers,	2 00
D. J. Judd,	3 00	H. S. Atwood,	3 00
J. S. Farnum,	2 00	R. D. Peebles,	3 00
F. J. Foley,	5 00	J. Warlick,	2 00
N. J. Stark,	3 00	W. C. Bettencourt,	2 00
G. Harlan,	5 00	S. M. Pertam,	5 00
M. L. Park,	3 00	B. Mackall,	5 00
S. J. Irwine,	3 00	N. Busby,	2 00
P. T. Walker, Esq.	26 00	E. Fielding,	2 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	40 00	N. Winslow,	2 00
W. S. Griffiths,	2 00	M. A. Howe,	1 00
D. Vinall,	6 00	Saml. D. Ibrower,	3 00
L. H. Bowen,	2 00	P. Lloyd,	2 00
A. Phelps,	2 00	E. Hayhurst,	2 00
H. M. Atkins,	4 00	W. Sekel,	2 00
E. Chester,	2 00	M. Allen,	4 00
S. Chapman,	2 00	Saml. Miller,	2 00
C. W. Stewart,	2 00	Geo. Pickering,	3 00
October 12.			
L. A. Gannett,	5 00	J. M. Loper,	2 00
P. A. Deck, Esq.	10 00	G. W. Warfield,	5 00
Jas. E. Price, Esq.	15 00	Whitaker & Huston,	2 00
F. W. Thornley,	6 00	J. Campbell,	2 00
Jno. Ives,	1 00	S. M. Coleman,	2 00
H. Goodwin,	2 00	John Rank,	6 00
L. Howe,	2 00	W. Britton,	2 00
A. Dunn, Esq.	10 00	M. Hoffman,	2 00
Jno. E. Forman,	2 00	John B. Carr,	2 00
A. Billinge, agt.	10 00	Robt. Kerns,	2 00
A. S. Kinzer,	2 00		
October 13.			
A. S. Norton,	2 00	R. Leedom,	2 00
Thos. M. Decke,	2 00	J. Clifton,	1 00
J. Archer,	1 25	A. Middleton,	2 00
S. Hambleton,	2 50	R. Mitchell,	2 00
C. Sturdivant,	1 00	P. W. Stearn,	2 50
W. H. S. Jordan, Esq.	10 00	A. Hart,	5 00
W. L. Chase, Esq.	13 00	A. F. King,	2 00
F. N. Sheaffer,	2 00	S. A. Hand,	2 00
P. Bishop,	2 00	V. W. Hatch,	5 00
Saml. Froome,	2 00	W. J. Knight,	3 00
R. Fowler,	1 00	W. H. Ward, Esq.	15 00
U. Wells,	2 00	C. H. Colt,	5 00
M. Clark,	2 00	R. J. Roberts,	5 00
J. B. Penton,	5 00		

Philadelphia Market.

REMARKS.—On Tuesday the weather was wet and disagreeable, with a constant fall of rain till near noon. But few vessels have arrived with supplies for several days past.

BARK—Sales of Quercitron at $25 per ton for No. 1.

COFFEE—Prices are steady with limited sales.

COTTON—There has been an increased demand, with fair sales at 9 to 11 cts for Upland.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is no change in the Flour market—moderate sales for export at $6.12½ per bbl. On Tuesday, owing to the wet weather, there have been no transactions of any extent. The stocks are still small. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull of sale at $3,50 and $3.

GRAIN.—Wheat is dull and only $1.30 per bushel is offered for good to prime quality in store. We quote $1.29 to $1.32, as the range. A sale of good Southern at $1.30.—Rye—No sales. Corn—Prices have advanced—Sales of round and flat yellow at 68 cts. on Monday, and white at 60½ cts. Oats—Sales at 44 cts.

PROVISIONS—Market quiet, and the sales only in small parcels of Beef, Pork, and Bacon. Western Lard 7½ cts. per lb.

SUGARS—The sales of hhd. Sugars have been limited. From 5 to 600 boxes of brown Trinidad have been sold at from 7 to 7¾ cts per lb. for inferior to good quality.

WHISKEY—Market inactive at previous rates.—*North American.*

ASTHMA, or difficulty of breathing, is caused by a collection of morbid humors in the air cells of the lungs, which prevent them from being duly expanded—hence difficult and laborious breathing, cough, great oppression of the breast, pain in the head, palpitation of the heart, and many other distressing complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are always certain to give relief in Asthma; because they purge from the body those humors which are the cause of every malady incident to man. From four to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time not only carry off the most violent fit of Asthma, but if used occasionally afterwards, will keep the system so completely free from all bad humors, that disease in any form will be absolutely impossible.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits.* The only safety is to purchase at the General Depot, No. 169 Race st. Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich st. New York; No. 198 Tremont st. Boston, or of the regular advertised agents. 1t*

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1841	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S CHANGES.		
16 SATURDAY,	6 31	5 29	3 23			
17 SUNDAY,	6 32	5 28	4 17		D. H. M.	
18 MONDAY,	6 33	5 27	5 11			
19 TUESDAY,	6 35	5 25	6 5			
20 WEDNESDAY,	6 35	5 24	6 56	Last	7	4 22
21 THURSDAY,	6 37	5 23	7 45	New	14	11 40
22 FRIDAY,	6 38	5 22	8 30	First	22	9 51
23 SATURDAY,	6 39	5 21	9 16	Full	30	1 12

Married.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. George Higgins, Mr. HUGH PURVIS, to Miss LOUISA FLINN, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillett, Mr. LEVI HENDERSON, of Delaware, to Miss JANE PARKER, of Port Penn.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. HENRY SWAYNE, of Delaware, to Miss JANE PARRY, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 6th instant, by the same, Mr. JOHN SHUPP, of St. Louis, Mo. to Miss MARY ANN MEREDITH, of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. ASAPH TERRY, merchant, to Miss HANNAH ANN, daughter of Thos. Howard, Esq. all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. W. J. Gibson, Mr. JAMES D. FULTON, to Miss MARGARET WHITE.

At Bedford, L. I. on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Cutter, Mr. EDWARD F. WATTS, eldest son of Edward Watts, Esq. H. B. M. Consul at Pernambuco, Brazil, to Miss ELLEN LOUISA, eldest daughter of Prof. E. C. Ward, U. S. Navy.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, ALBERT VOGEL, to CLARINDA, youngest daughter of Daniel Fidler, Esq. Sheriff of the city and county of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Greenbank, WILLIAM DANIELS, to ELIZABETH BRISLEY, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. A. Tudehope, WM. RUTHERFORD, to ANN GIVEN, both of this city.

On Fourth-day, 6th inst. at Friends' Meeting House, in Orange street, ROWLAND JONES, of Burlington, N. J. to ANN, daughter of Isaac Lloyd, of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, LEWIS POPPAL, to DOROTHEA, daughter of the late David Woelpper, Esq. all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, JOHN B. AUSTIN, to SARAH, eldest daughter of the late John Bell, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, WILLIAM CLARK, to ELIZA A. FULLER.

On Fourth-day, the 6th of 10th month, by Friends' ceremony, JOHN SIDNEY KEEN, to HANNAH M'ILVAIN, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. John Kennedy, JESSE J. MILLER, of Chester county, to HANNAH L. daughter of Capt. Lockhart, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. SAML. MUSSELMAN, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss MARGARET STEWART, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. C. A. Lippincott, JOHN L. FRAILEY, to Miss ANNE F. LEGER, all of Haddington.

On the 7th inst. by Morton M'Michael, Esq. NATHAN RIWLAND, of Philadelphia, to HANNAH, daughter of James Simpson, Esq. of Bucks county.

On the 21st ult. at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Barbelin, Mr. ELZER GREAR, of Delaware, to Mrs. ANN C. LAMBERT, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. A. Reichert, Mr. JACOB TOBLER, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss JANE RISNER, from Bucks county.

On the 5th inst. by Elder Page, Mr. J. B. NICHOLSON, to Miss ADELAIDE BROADVIX, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, at Womelsdorf, Bucks county, by the Rev. John L. Grant, JOSEPH D. REINBOTH, to MATILDA EMMA, daughter of Jacob Vonnida, Esq. all of this city.

On the 23d of 9th month, at Friends' Meeting House, Byberry, RICHARD HULMES, to ANNA M. PAUL, all of Bucks county.

In Newburyport, Mass. by the Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. GEO. W. CALDWELL, of Gardiner, Me. to Miss ELIZABETH L. HASKELL, of Newburyport. Both Deaf Mutes.

The happy pair above named, formed their acquaintance at the Hartford Asylum, (for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb) in the years 1829 to 1833, and thus has their acquaintance ripened into mutual friendship. But how it has since been conducted to its present crisis, is not for us to say—enough that they are duly married. Their wedding was highly spoken of, as a first rate one.

On Thursday evening, 7th inst. by the Rev. S. H. Tyng, JAMES HENRY MURRAY, M. D. of West River, Maryland, to Miss MARY HOLLINGSWORTH, daughter of James Creston, Esq. of Baltimore.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Wm. A. Wiggins, Mr. WILLIAM REED, of Chester county, to Miss MARY ELKINS, of this city.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. DANIEL HAINES, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss MARY ANN LAMBELL, of Chestertown, Md.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, JOHN F. GELL, to EMELINE, youngest daughter of Godfrey Fredrickson, deceased, all of this city.

At Massillon, Ohio, 23d Sept. by the Rev. Mr. Anjeo, of Buffalo, N. Y. MARK T. DUNNING, of Saratoga, N. Y. to ELLENOR, daughter of the late Andrew Fisher, of Philadelphia.

On the evening of the 9th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, CHARLES F. W. BEHM, of New York, to ESTHER MORRIS, daughter of Wm. C. Hancock, of this city.

On the 24th of Sept. by the Rev. Jones M'Call, Mr. JOHN PATTON, to Miss SARAH H. KIRKPATRICK.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. S. Inskip, Mr. THOMAS CHADWICK, to Miss MARY J. THORNLEY, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Mr. DOMINIC SWEENEY, to Miss CAROLINE GILLETT, second daughter of Wm. and Ann Gillett, all of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WM. HUNTER, to Miss CATHARINE SNYDER, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 26th ult. by the same, Mr. DAVID CONARD, of this city, to Miss LUCRETIA C. WILSON, of Spring Garden.

Died,

On the 12th inst. MALCOM M'LEOD, a native of Scotland, and long a resident of this city, in the 80th year of his age.

On Tuesday, 12th inst. JOHN AUGUSTA, first daughter of F. A. and Elizabeth S. Histon, aged 1 year and 9 months.

On the 11th inst. in the 10th year of his age, LEWIS, son of Lewis Rodman, of this city.

At Shawneetown, Illinois, Dr. ALEXANDER REID.

At New Orleans, on Thursday evening, 30th ult. of the prevailing epidemic, Mr. JOHN D. SNOKER, about 26 years of age, a native of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 12th inst. after a long illness, Mr. DAVID MORRIS.

On the 12th inst. Miss ELIZABETH MEGOWAN, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 8th instant, MARY, relict of the late Adam Guier, aged 70 years.

On the 9th inst. ANN DE HAVEN, aged 61 years.

On the 9th inst. HANNAH, wife of Ellwood H. Stokes, aged 26 years.

On the 8th inst. at an advanced age, HANNAH BULLOCK, a member of the Society of Friends.

On the 9th inst. Mr. CHARLES DOYLE, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. LEWIS F. PACKER, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mr. ISAAC DRESSIER, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. JOSEPHINE, daughter of Peter and Rebecca Beck, aged 1 year, 2 months and 10 days.

On Saturday, 9th inst. Gen. CALLENDER IRVINE, Commissary General of Purchases of the United States, in the 67th year of his age.

At Washington, on the 5th inst. Col. R. D. WAINWRIGHT, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

On the 7th inst. SARAH LLOYD, wife of Milton Smith, and daughter of the late Samuel Courtland, Esq.

On the 6th inst. BETSEY S. HULME, second daughter of Thomas Hulme, of this city.

On the 6th inst. JAMES FINN, aged 50 years.

On the 6th inst. HENRIETTA GRAHAM, wife of Richard Flower, aged 74 years.

In New Orleans, on the 26th ult. of the prevailing epidemic, HENRY KENDALL, late editor of the New Orleans Price Current and Commercial Intelligencer.

In New Orleans, on the 25th ult. EDGAR B. TENBROECK, a native of Albany, N. Y. aged 20 years.

In New Orleans, on the 24th ult. GEORGE SPRINGER, aged 26 years, a native of this city.

At his residence in Boston, on the 7th instant, the Hon. GEORGE BLAKE, aged 72 years.

On the 6th inst. JOHN BANKS, in his 30th year.

On Friday morning, 8th inst. of hydrocephalus acutus, WILLIAM HENRY MATHEYS, son of Robert Matheys, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 8th inst. GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Nathan and Elizabeth Levering, aged 6 months.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. MARY WOLF, in the 93d year of her age.

On the 8th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. ANN BALDWIN, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 8th inst. Mr. GEORGE FISS, in the 33d year of his age.

On Fourth-day, 6th inst. BENJAMIN FERGUSON, aged 71 years.

On the 5th inst. MARY, relict of the late Jacob Colladay, aged 71 years.

On the 5th inst. MARY RICHARDS, in the 31st year of her age.

On the 6th inst. LYDIA J. wife of William Chrystler, aged 48 years.

On the 1st inst. MARGARET J. ROSS, aged 53 years.

At his residence, in Chester Town, Md. on the 24th ult. the Rev. WILLIAM KESLEY, aged 57 years.

On the 19th ult. JAMES H. JOHNSON, formerly of Albany, New York.

On the 23d ult. JOHN B. DUNLAP, a native of Hartford, Connecticut, aged 23 years.

On the 25th ult. K. S. ROBINS, aged 28 years, a native of Accomack county, Va.

On the 24th ult. GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Jas. and Mary Rowe, aged 7 years.

On the 11th instant, EMMA MATILDA DAVIS, daughter of John and Sarah Davis, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 10th inst. after a short illness, of croup, in the 8th year of her age, ELIZABETH GRIFFIS, daughter of John and Mary Eyre Rosier.

On the 11th inst. after a lingering illness, MARY A. WILLIAMSON, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 25th ultimo, HANNAH, eldest daughter of the late Archibald and Sarah Woodside, in the 60th year of her age.

In Mobile, on the 28th ult. DANIEL MAYLAND, formerly of this city, and for several years a resident of Mobile.

DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S Remedy for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Diseases of the Throat, &c.

VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.

The Editor of the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times gives the following evidence in favor of the above celebrated medicine.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—It gives us pleasure to note the surprising efficacy of Dr. H. H. Higbee's Remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. We have seen a gentleman whom it fairly rescued from the grave, and with such evidence before us, we feel it our duty to speak of his remedy as it deserves. No one suffering under that lamentable complaint, Consumption, should let go for a day without this medicine. It is sold at No. 27 South FIFTH street.

DR. HIGBEE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE is at No. 27 NORTH FIFTH street, Philadelphia. His medicine may also be obtained of Joseph Scott, Wilmington, Del.; John Wind, Lancaster, Pa.; Bean & Schenck, Norristown, Pa.; Charles Tunnell, Georgetown, Del.; J. C. Lockwood, Middletown, Del.; Chas. Ogilby, Carlisle, Pa.; Charles F. Nicholson, Denton, Md.; D. Gawn & Son, 91 north Gay street, Baltimore; Wm. S. Bacon, May's Landing, N. J.; Thomas M. Flint, Cambridge, Md.; and R. Daily, Chestertown, Md.; of Jas. Collins, Milford, Del.; S. Cannon, Bridgeville, Del.; and Joseph Jester, Trenton, N. J.; P. Sthare of Dr. Higbee's Medical Preparations should always see that his signature is upon every compound. oct 9 4t

NICKINS, HAIR CUTTER,
Number 107 North Sixth Street.
Particular attention paid to the cutting of Children's Hair.

ILLINOIS Land Agency for payment of Taxes, redeeming Lands sold for Taxes, examining records, &c.

A. W. Brown at Joliet (on the Ills. and Michigan Canal) will attend to the above business, and refers to

Hon. S. M. Roberts, Senator from Illinois.
E. P. Hurlbut, Esq. 73 Cedar street, N. Y.
Wm. B. Ogden,
Arnold & Ogden, } Chicago, Ills.
Scammon & Judd,
Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase, Robson Hall, Ills. oct 2-3m

HEALTH! HEALTH!! HEALTH!!!
RESTORED & LIFE PRESERVED by Dr. JAYNE'S Medical Preparations.

These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than three hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States, and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations are so generally known and so universally appreciated that it is only necessary to mention their names and of whom they may be obtained. They consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, PILES, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an aperient Alterative or Purgative Medicine is required.

The public are assured in the most positive and unequivocal terms, that in recommending the above preparations, no deception has been used, nor artifice employed to elevate them above their merits, but that it is now beyond dispute, that no preparations have ever acquired so universal and such deserved popularity.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. aug 14 3m

FRESH Turnip Seeds, Crop 1841.—For sale by the subscriber, Fresh Turnip Seeds, of the following highly superior kinds, WARRANTED GENUINE.

White Flat Dutch, Red or Ross Top, White Flat or Globe, Early Garden Stone, Swan's Egg, Yellow Aberdeen, Yellow Stone, Long Yellow French, Large Yellow and Extra Purple Top Ruta Baga, English Norfolk, Yellow Malone, Large White Green Top, splendid for winter use, and Dale's Hybrid Turnip. The above are all of the finest and most delicate flavored kinds.

RADISH SEEDS, in season—White and Yellow Turnip, fine for fall, and Black and White Spanish, for fall and winter use; Best Early Cabbages and Cauliflowers for spring plants; Sea Kale, Hardy Lettuce of sorts for winter and spring use; Cress, &c.; Mustard; Corn Salad, &c. for fall and winter Salads.

NEW SPINACH.—Riley's Burdock Spinage. Description—It resembles, in appearance, the Savoy, with the exception of the size, which is several times larger, and the quality far superior. The leaf is perfectly smooth, and the whole plant is quite hardy, standing the severest winters without injury. The seed should be sown (from first to the end of September) in drills on rich well manured ground, and the plants thinned out to one foot apart. Each plant is full the size of half bushel if properly cultivated.

"It must be considered a great acquisition."
Hovey's Horticultural Magazine.

Pickle, Gherkin and Mangoe Seeds, in season for sowing; Choice Biennial and Perennial Flower seeds, to bloom the ensuing spring and summer; the present is the best season for planting; boxes containing assortments, 20 finest sorts, $1.

Canary and other Birds, Fresh Bird Seeds, Bird Cages, Cuttle Fish Bone for Canaries. Agricultural and Horticultural Books, &c.

With the largest and most complete assortment warranted Vegetable, Garden, Field and Flower Seeds of the choicest kinds and purest quality to be found in Philadelphia.

Catalogues of the entire collection sent GRATIS on post paid application to HIBERT.

Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 27 south 6th street, east side, above Chesnut street, Philada. july 31-tf

CURE for Deafness.—Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains in the ears, and also all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attended with the disease.

The application of the oil produces no pain, but on the contrary an agreeable and pleasant sensation. The recipe for this medicine has been obtained from an English Aurist of great reputation, who has found from long observation, that deafness, in nineteen cases out of twenty, was produced either from a want of action in the nerves of hearing, or a dryness in the ear; his object therefore was to find something that would create a healthy condition in those parts. After a long series of experiments with the Kreosote, in combination with a great number of other medicines, his efforts were at last crowned with success, in the discovery of this preparation, which has received the name of SCARPA'S COMPOUND KREOSOTE ACOUSTIC OIL. It has been used in this country about one year, and so wonderful has been its effects in curing and relieving the deaf, that, from pure motives of humanity, it is now offered to the public, that all may have an opportunity of proving its efficacy. A long list of certificates might be given, but such is the confidence in the medicine, and so high has been its reputation, that no use will be made of them, knowing that the names of Dr. this one. Professor that one, and General such a one, when appended to certificates of specific medicines, are in the majority of cases all a "humbug." It is only necessary to add, that this medicine has been recommended and used by many of the best physicians and surgeons in Europe and in this country.

Full directions accompany each bottle. Sold wholesale and retail by D. JAYNE No. 20 south Third street, and R. Shoe, corner of Eighth & Walnut sts. Philadelphia, also by most of the Druggists in the city. Price 2 dollars a bottle. aug 7-3m

PUBLIC SALE.—Pursuant to the last will and testament of Thomas Hughs, late of Horsham Township, Montgomery county, deceased.

Will be sold at public sale, on the 21st day of the tenth month, (October,) the following described Real Estate, containing about 70 acres, situate in the township and county aforesaid, 18 miles from Philadelphia, and 2 miles east of the Spring House Tavern, bounded by lands of Atkinson Hughes, Jones Shay, Conrad Root, and others.

No. 1. Containing about 60 acres of excellent land. The improvements are a large and commodious dwelling house, 44 by 23 feet, with 4 rooms and large entry on the first floor, and 5 on the second with good garrets, and cellar under the whole. A stone barn 53 by 25 feet, a stone wagon house 36 by 18 feet, a stone smith house 17 by 15 feet, over a never-failing spring of excellent water within a few yards of the door, stone hog pen, dung shed, and other out buildings.

There are on the premises about 17 acres of excellent timber, with a large portion of valuable watered meadow, two apple orchards of grafted fruit in prime of bearing, with other fruit trees.

No. 2. A lot of land of about ten acres, part of said tract, bounding on the line of Jesse Shay, south-east of a road running through the premises.

The whole of the property is in a good state of cultivation, divided into convenient fields, and under good fence.

The above property for water and other advantages are equalled by few.

For a view of the same apply to Atkinson Hughes residing thereon. Title undisputable, and possession given on 1st of 4th mo. 1842. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Conditions made known by
ATKINSON HUGHS,
sep 25-4t* ATKINSON HUGHS WALTON, } Executors.

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Fire-proof Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 78 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, when ice is cooled in them. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are many Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 600 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. je 26-1y

BOWEL and Summer Complaints cured by Dr. Jayne's CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—Darlington, Beaver Co. Feb. 1839.—Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My little son, when about two months old, was seized with a bowel complaint, caused as I supposed by a change of diet—it continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint, and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty six hours the disease was checked, and by the continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE," and the result was a speedy cure. From a knowledge of the efficacy of Dr. Jayne's medicines, I advise every family to keep it on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa. aug 14-3m

Prepared by Dr. JAYNE, 20 south THIRD st. Philadelphia.

BALDNESS and loss of Hair is caused by a want of healthy action in the vessels which throw off the perspiration from the head. When these vessels are weak or diseased the perspiration is thick and clammy, and adheres to the mouths of the pores and clogs them up, and dries and forms scurf and dandruff. Less blood is then carried to the roots of the hair, and for want of which the hair has not sufficient nourishment, and consequently becomes dry and harsh, and begins insensibly to fall off, which, continuing to increase, eventually produces baldness. Restore the capillary vessels of the head to their former healthy circulation, and a fine silky new hair will make its appearance, which will increase in quantity and volume until the hair becomes thick and healthy.

Jayne's Hair Tonic is the only preparation that has ever been known to produce new HAIR ON BOLD HEADS, which it has done in innumerable instances, and will seldom fail if properly and perseveringly used.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. aug 14-3m

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them. Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD st. Philadelphia. 3m

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

S. & W. WILSON.

nov 1 '39—tf

RESTORATION of the Hair.—Haddonfield, N. J. Feb. 12, 1839.—Dr. D. Jayne—Sir: I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last winter has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair has for a long time been exceedingly thin. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now, after using a bottle of the "Tonic," I have an luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK, Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. JAYNE, 20 south THIRD street, Philada. Price $1. aug 14-3m

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are woven of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 17-1y

IMPORTANT! ASTHMA CURED.—Putnam, Ohio, May 10, 1831.—Dear Sir—Dr. Helmick has used some 8 or 10 bottles of your Expectorant, and has found decided benefit. His health is better than for several years past, and his appearance indicates decided improvement in health. His confidence in your medicine has induced him to recommend it to his friends, and we are informed that many of them have been cured, and others greatly relieved. POTTS & GRAHAM.

Dr. D. Jayne. aug 14-3m

☞ Prepared only at No. 20 south THIRD st. Philada.

WM. W. FAUCHE, Dentist, No. 72 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to Dental Surgery will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-1y

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead, Pipe, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. oct 31-1y

COAL.—Red and White Ash Coal, selected expressly for family use, and at the lowest prices, for sale by the subscriber, South West corner of 3d and Chestnut street. sep 10 tf W. M. SLOANAKER.

Original Novel.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Cyprian Princess.

A Romance of the Twelfth Century.

BY R. S. BARCLAY.

[CONTINUED.]

A month had elapsed since the return of Bazile, when, having supped with my father, I was passing along the gallery which divided our apartment, I observed Zozime, an officer of Bazile's household, approach cautiously, and speak in a whisper to Leonora. The moment I reached my apartment I required the meaning of this secrecy. She replied by repeating Zozime's communication.

"*It is essential that the Princess Sophia should grant me a private conversation immediately; but it cannot be arranged with too much caution. I will await your reply in the lime grove, in the east garden.*"

"Go, Leonora," cried I, "bring him here, that I may learn without delay what new misfortune threatens me. "This man's mystery alarmed me;—I tried to vanquish a sadness caused by some dark presentiment! I liked not this calmness which Bazile displayed; it was inconsistent with his character. I called to mind his former denunciation; "*I know not my son in a rival!*" and my bosom was filled with terror. I prayed Heaven to preserve the innocent and noble Theophilus from all danger.

Leonora succeeded in conducting Zozime to my apartment unobserved. His air of consternation confirmed my fears. This Zozime had two brothers, the one, Narses, commanded a battalion of infantry—the other, Crype, was captain of a ship. These three brothers were persons of birth—merit, and valour, and were attached to Bazile, being indebted to him for their fortunes. He looked upon them as creatures of his own; and did not permit himself to doubt their fidelity: but they did not consider themselves bound to repay their patron by stooping to the commission of the vilest of crimes! Zozime entreated me to quiet my alarm.

"Madame," said he, "you have reason to rejoice, rather than weep. The Prince Theophilus is safe—congratulate yourself that he has fallen into the hands of men, who would sacrifice their own lives to save his!"

"Just Heaven!" cried I, "has he been in danger? Who has done this?"

"Madame, *his unnatural father is his sole enemy!* You will scarcely credit the plot I am about to unfold. Since the decree of the King, annulling his former engagement to the Prince Bazile, and sanctioning your betrothal to his son—Bazile, burning in secret with the worst passions of our nature—exhibiting to public view only the most amiable feelings, has been plotting the overthrow of a project which so entirely destroyed his own ambitious views, and robbed him of the object of his passion. He found that in no other manner could he so effectually accomplish his purpose, as by removing his son—not simply by banishment; but by the commission of a horrible crime! a crime at which nature shudders, and which he had resolved to perpetrate, even in his own palace, and with his own hand!"

I shrieked with horror! Zozime entreated me to listen with calmness to the conclusion,—assuring me again that Theophilus was safe, and then continued.

"My brother Crype, and myself professed to lend ourselves to the schemes of the Prince, only to ensure the safety of his son, to whom we are devotedly attached. We persuaded Bazile to abandon his design of taking the life of Theophilus with his own hand.

"*You will become,*" said I to him, "as odious to the Cyprians, as *he* is dear—you would fall a sacrifice to their fury."

"To prevent the possibility of the execution of his design, it was necessary to propose a substitute—which we did; and had the good fortune to obtain his approval. Theophilus was to be enticed on board my brother's vessel, where Crype was to stab him with a poignard, as soon as he could find a favorable opportunity—set sail for some distant port—secret the body for a few days,—and then, the fathomless waters of the sea were to hide all traces of this monstrous crime! Previous to the departure of the vessel, two lights, one at the bow, the other at the stern, were to be placed as a signal to Bazile, that his *rival* was no more! This was the evening selected,—and at dusk, I prevailed on the young Prince to accompany me on board of the vessel. He is there now,—he knows not yet, that to save him from the fury of a murderous father, he is to be torn from Limisso,—from all that he holds dear! He is now partaking of a banquet, prepared for him by my brother; in order to prevent him from wishing to return on shore before the preparations for sailing are completed. I have informed Bazile that his son is on board—and the *father*, in whose heart, love, envy, and jealousy, have stifled all the tender sentiments of parental affection, received the tidings without remorse; and is abandoned to the joy of being able to destroy his rival! he even declared that he should await in an agony of impatience the signal which is to make known to him that all is over!"

"What unnatural monster hast thou, oh! nature produced?" I exclaimed, as Zozime paused. "I shudder with fear, and horror! Dear Theophilus, thou art for ever lost to thy country,—and to thy unfortunate Sophia! But I will fly to join thee—I will give up all honors for thy sake—we will dwell together on some lone and distant shore."

"Calm youself Madame," said Zozime, "all will yet be well; we take him from you, only to preserve him for you—and his country—fear nothing. I have yet more to relate. Narses is commanded to appear before the gates of Limisso with two thousand men, to secure, if necessary, Bazile's safety; but my brother will conduct them only for his ruin. Bazile flatters himself that the uncertainty of the fate of Theophilus will afford him time and opportunity to win the Cyprians by a feigned sorrow—and by conferring real benefits. He hopes, that ultimately, a universal suffrage will bestow upon him your hand.

"Behold! Princess, the letter which Bazile writes to Narses; it should alone be the instrument to finish your misfortunes. I give it into your hands that you may cause it to be read by the most zealous friends of the young Prince. It is proper that all the Cyprians become acquainted with Bazile's treachery. Let Leonce be entrusted to communicate it to them. Let them be assured of their Prince's safety—that Crype and myself are true and loyal—that we take him away to be restored to them whenever it can be accomplished with safety. But Madame, the *letter* I have given to you ought not to be exposed until Narses appears before the gates of the city. Here is another which *I* have written to Narses; wherein I have informed him of our plans—I tell him to join the people in compelling Bazile to fly. This letter I wish conveyed to him by a trusty messenger as soon as possible after his arrival. Remember! Princess, the value of all that is at stake, and that every proceeding requires firmness and prudence. Let Leonce be trusted; he is both faithful and energetic. He can read the project I have detailed to Narses. Time presses—I am impatient to return to Theophilus. My brother will sail for Venice; where Theophilus and myself will disembark. The lights at the stern and bows of the vessel will inform Bazile (as he fondly believes) of the consummation of his desires—while to you—they shall announce our safe departure. Adieu! honored Princess," he added, "Heaven favor your designs."

The horrible state of mind into which I was thrown by this frightful recital, prevented the utterance of words—the blood was frozen in my veins—but, the moment I saw Zozime about to depart, my strength returned, and I conjured him to watch over the safety of an unfortunate Prince who was so dear to us all, and I expressed my deepest gratitude for his inestimable services—and requested him to assure Theophilus that my heart and hand should be kept sacred for him alone through every change.

In about an hour after Zozime's departure, I saw from the balcony of my apartment which overlooked the harbor, the lights which were to be the signal of the vessel's departure, and to *him*, the barbarous father! of a deed which should deaden his every pulse—and fasten in his soul the pangs of another world.

I remained on the balcony till morning dawned—bathed in the night dew—which I hoped would cool the burning fever that raged in my veins.

* * * * *

Leonce came—sadness and fear pictured in his countenance. He found Leonora supporting me in her arms, both bathed in tears.

"What means this?" he inquired, "you are affected with some misfortune."

"Where is my Prince? My beloved Prince?" I then related him some portion of the information I received from Zozime. He started back with uplifted arms, and remained motionless with surprise and horror, then exclaimed,

"What! Bazile! by the murder of his only child would open his way to the throne! Ah! unhappy Cyprians! what manner of king has offended Heaven reserved for you! Can such a monster be permitted to breathe? His past cruelties, his present crimes demand prompt vengeance." After relating to Leonce all that Zozime had confided to me, I gave the letters.

"Read," said I, "and make use with prudence of the means provided to save your country from the yoke of a tyrant, and a murderer!"

"Most honored Princess," he replied, "trust all to me—I see clearly what course to pursue, in order to insure your happiness—the return of Theophilus—and the safety of the state. I will confer with those loyal Cyprians who composed the deputation to the king in your behalf."

Leonce thought it prudent to visit Bazile, and express some inquietude in regard to the absence of Theophilus. Bazile with a composed air told him "there was no occasion for alarm—that he had gone to Constantinople to inform the Emperor of his approaching nuptials—that it was a duty the king and himself had considered indispensable, but feared the opposition of the Cyprians, and therefore wished it not to become known until after his departure." We considered also the fears of the Princess—her youth and timidity would have influenced Theophilus against encountering the perils of navigation. Leonce betrayed not the emotion which agitated him while listening to this monstrous deception, heightened by the boldness of the traitor, who he found had also imposed on his sovereign, but left Bazile with the appearance of being perfectly satisfied.

Leonce hastened to call upon the citizens, Euthience, Nicephore, Eustate, Nicetas, and others who composed the late deputation to the king; and when they had assembled, he addressed them as follows.

"Noble Cyprians! is your attachment to Prince Theophilus inviolable? Is your hatred of his father invincible?"

"Yes," they replied, as with one voice.

"I will then," added Leonce, "increase your love for the one, and your hatred for the other, by imparting the contents of a letter, written by the Prince Bazile to Narses; an officer of the army upon whose fidelity he appears confidently to rely. Hear! and judge for yourselves! Now," continued Leonce, "hear this, from Zozime to his brother Narses, who will appear before the gates of our city—not to serve the criminal designs of his commander; but to sustain the just enterprise of the people, and embolden them to declare to become free! Let us avail ourselves, dear Cyprians, of this aid to justly punish a monster. Zozime thinks it will be sufficient to proscribe him: I do not agree with him. It is necessary to sacrifice either, the son for the father! or, the father for the son!—choose ye between them. *Tyrants can only cease to be feared, when they cease to exist!* Proscribed—wandering—they will still form a party in their favor. Let us save ourselves, and our children from the possibility of ever suffering under the unjust dominion of the detested Bazile!"

The deputies, roused into fury—swore by the most sacred oaths, to accomplish his death.

Nicephore and Euthience were appointed to convey the letters to Narses. It was considered necessary for them to depart immediately, in order to intercept Narses on the road to Limisso, that they might assure themselves of his co-operation. The other confederates, in the mean time, were to exhibit copies to all those in whom they could confide. The magistrates and those held in esteem by the people, were the first to be entrusted. All became inspired with a just revenge.

Nicephore and Euthience reached the encampment of the army about nightfall. After the perusal of his letters, Narses, convulsed with indignation—exclaimed—

"Does Bazile take me for a dog! that I should obey his infamous commands!" Conscious that immediate action was necessary, he summoned his officers in council, and thus addressed them—

"Brave companions! behold these loyal citizens. Their love for the young Prince Theophilus—their zeal for their country's welfare—have brought them hither. A tale of horror is here, (pointing to the letters lying before him) disclosed—which has aroused in *them*—and should excite in every patriotic breast the deepest indignation. Read—and decide whether Bazile deserves to live! Shall a father who hesitates not to spill the blood of his own offspring—be entrusted with our lives, and the lives of our children! No! I call upon you then fellow officers to decree his fate."

Loud shouts of revenge—and the clangour of steel—preceded their utterance of, "Let him perish!" "Away with him!" "He merits death!"

On the morrow, at daybreak, Narses commenced his march for Limisso. When within a few miles of the city, he halted—arranged his soldiers in a circle—and placing himself in the midst—with a loud voice made known to them what he had previously communicated to his officers. The spirit he wished to excite gleamed in their eyes; they grasped their battle axes, and shook them aloft! "Yes," Narses continued, "Bazile would have deprived us of the object of our hopes—shall he be permitted to tyrannise over us! to perpetuate our slavery! Pronounce his doom! ought he to live! or, ought he to die!"

Valley and mountain side echoed their sentence of "*Death to the traitor!*"

"March, then!" said Narses, "the citizens of Limisso await us."

Nicephore and Euthience hastened to the city in advance of the army, to proclaim the result of their mission.

The sworn confederates met, and agreed to assemble the people; who were already alarmed at the secret and sudden departure of Theophilus. My poor language can but feebly describe the scenes that ensued. The populace, wrought to madness, by the disclosures of the truth—and by such addresses as the following—could hardly restrain their fury.

"Who is there among you," said Euthience, "that can boast of having saved either his person, or his property, from the violence and rapacity of Bazile? Who among you has not felt to what extent he can carry injustice and cruelty? But who would have suspected the possibility of his committing the blackest of crimes! Behold! Narses comes with two thousand men—sworn to avenge our injuries, by the death of the hated Bazile." The people ran—they welcomed the soldiers with acclamations—on every side was heard—"*Down with the tyrant!*" "*The blood of the infamous Bazile will alone satisfy us!*"

These tumultuous sounds reached the ears of the prince—he rushed to the entrance of his palace—he saw around a vast multitude, brandishing their arms, which flashed not brighter in the sunlight, than in their eyes the fire of revenge! but he exhibited no fear—his indomitable spirit was not daunted—he hoped that his presence and a few words would disperse them. But what did he behold! What did he hear! Narses, with his soldiers! mixing with the multitude! joining in the cry of revenge! He now discovers that he is lost! betrayed! yet he attempts not to fly—his courage enables him to confront danger—he presents himself with boldness. "*Let the bravest,*" said he, "*strike the first blow!* I fear neither tortures nor death!" His valour, his countenance—haughty and courageous as his words, caused many to fear and admire. Awed for the moment—no one approached him. Suddenly their fury returned—they rushed upon him—he attempted a vigorous defence—but fell bleeding from countless wounds! Nicephore then addressed him.

"Tyrant! receive this consolation—*thou diest, but thy son lives!—lives to reign over a happy people.*"

Bazile, with the energy of death and despair, and thwarted desires, exclaimed,

"*He shall never reign! You shall become the prey of a conqueror, who will avenge my death on you and your children!*" He spoke no more; but his eyes even in death glared defiance; and his lips moved.

As soon as my father was informed of the movement of the people, he ordered his guards to fly to the succour of Bazile. They refused to obey; but attempted to satisfy their disloyalty by disclosing the cause of the disturbance.

During all this time I had remained in my apartment. When I discovered that the hour appointed for the fatal deed had arrived, my hatred changed into pity.

"Bazile will die, and Theophilus will reproach me," cried I. I even began to repent the part I had taken; I felt guilty, and rushed affrighted to the presence of the king. We both remained silent for some minutes—then my father exclaimed with bitterness.

"If the meanest of my subjects had desired to save the life of Bazile, he would have more influence than myself; for even my guards refuse to obey me. But what can I accomplish by staying here! let me hasten to the Cyprians, and if possible, ameliorate their fury, or we ourselves may become the next victims."

When about to leave the palace, he saw Narses approaching, surrounded by all the distinguished citizens of Limisso, and followed by a dense multitude. The king withdrew into his audience chamber, and summoned them to his presence. Narses advanced, and bowing low to his sovereign, thus addressed him.

"Sire, behold this letter in the hand writing of Bazile; it must form our only justification of the act of which we are guilty." Silence reigned while the king perused its contents; the people studying each change in his countenance with the most intense anxiety. Narses resumed, "What had not your subjects, and even your majesty to fear, from a prince, who, through jealousy and ambition, would sacrifice his only son! We, your subjects conspired to take the life of one, whom the ties of blood and affection would have prompted you to pardon. To save the Prince Theophilus; to secure the happiness of the Princess Sophia, and deliver our country from tyrannical dominion, are some of the motives by which we were actuated. We entreat your clemency; but if your majesty deems us deserving of punishment, we are ready to repay with our own lives, the life we have destroyed; and while expiring, shall exult in the reflection, that we have saved our wives, our children, and our country from the yoke of a Tyrant!"

The king replied,

"I am compelled to acknowledge, that the letter too well convinces me of the criminality of Bazile; he merited death; yet you were not justified in executing the sentence."

My father then remained silent for some time, evidently agitated by conflicting emotions; at length, love for his subjects, and a desire for peace triumphing over every other feeling, he pronounced a full pardon.

The people left the palace manifesting an excess of gratitude, and enthusiasm, and rent the air with their cries of—*vive le Roi!*

After devoting a few moments to reflection—my father turned to me and said,

"My daughter, let us banish remembrance of the unworthy Bazile; and above all let me forget my own weakness. Theophilus, thank heaven! is saved—let us hasten his return—let the union so long desired, be consummated; and may you both deserve my affection, and justify the esteem of the Cyprians, by your virtuous actions."

With my eyes suffused with tears, I prostrated myself before him, and said,

"My honored father—it is the strongest desire of my heart, so to live, that I may never forfeit either your, or their approbation; and be assured, that Theophilus will unite with me in the tenderest love and submission, leading you gradually to forget all past trials—living only in the brilliant and happy present."

Narses and Leonce sailed for Venice by command of the king, in order to accompany Theophilus back to Limisso.

Hope now cheered me with her sunny light, only to deepen the darkness of approaching despair! Fortune charmed me with her coquetry, only to sharpen the pangs of disappointment!

A vessel, bearing the Cyprian flag, made its appearance in the harbor. The people rushed in crowds to welcome Theophilus—but alas! Crype and Zozime only were there—who anxiously enquired if the prince had not arrived at Limisso! The reply they received in the negative, and the demand for explanation, astonished and confounded them.

I had watched the vessel's arrival with the impatience of love and joy—and when I saw Crype and Zozime leave, and wend their way slowly through the crowd to the palace, unaccompanied by Theophilus—I rushed to the audience chamber, and entered it the moment they appeared at the opposite door. Forgetting the presence of the king—I demanded to know what they had done with the prince! and where they had left Narses, and Leonce! Their silence, and their confusion increased my alarm.

"Ah! my father," cried I, "Theophilus perhaps is no more! Heaven has avenged upon him the death of a father! Oh! too criminal Sophia—what hast thou done!" Abandoned to an excess of grief, I could scarcely be prevailed upon to listen to the account Zozime gave of their adventures, I will repeat them in his own words.

"A favorable wind conducted us to Venice. Theophilus landed. Being alarmed for the safety of his father—he desired us to sail immediately for Limisso. He feared that the fury of the Cyprians would urge them to commit some barbarous deed. Actuated by a noble spirit of forgiveness; he exclaimed, 'Is he not my parent? am I not bound to forget his enmity? Conjure the princess Sophia for my sake, to exert all her influence, to prevent the Cyprians from committing any excess. *To her protection I confide my father.*' We yielded to his desires and he agreed to await in Venice our return. The fourth day after we sailed, a furious tempest arose—for three days we were tossed to and fro at the mercy of the winds and waves, in momentary expectation of being cast upon the rocks. When every one looked forward to certain death—a favorable change took place—the storm abated, and we found ourselves again off the Venetian coast. Our vessel required a thorough repair; we landed at the nearest port. I left my brother, and took passage for Venice—in order to acquaint the prince with our unexpected detention. Judge of my surprise, when I found that Narses and Leonce had been sent to accompany him back to Limisso; and that they sailed the second day after our departure. Judge also of my increased astonishment, when finally returned to Limisso, I find the prince has not yet arrived, and that all are looking to me for explanation."

"Heaven!" I exclaimed, "protected you during that fearful storm; but the prince Theophilus was lost!" My father used every possible means to assuage my grief; but I refused to be comforted. Each succeeding day diminished the faint hope I endeavored to retain, and increased my fears that that he had indeed met with a terrible doom.

But the period at length arrived when past misfortunes appeared light, compared with those fate showered upon my head—the period which deprived me of my crown! and my liberty! I have already said that a portion of the fleet containing the army of Richard, king of England (destined for the Holy Land) was wrecked on our shores—and that my father (alas! that I must acknowledge it) violated the sacred rights of hospitality, by not only refusing to the soldiers assistance and succour; but by imprisoning, and otherwise ill treating them. I can only account for his conduct as follows. The Cyprians since they had given up all hopes of the return of Theophilus, had grown discontented under the stern dominion of their king, who added the querulousness of approaching age, to the severity taught him, by the counsel of Bazile. Being perfectly acquainted with the popular feeling, he evidently feared the people would take this opportunity to rebel; and believed that by following this course he would preserve for himself, and his descendants the throne of Cyprus. Mistaken man! why did not destiny foreshadow to me the awful result!

Richard soon gathered the remains of his army, and furious for revenge, attacked and captured Limisso. My father and myself escaped into a city badly fortified, and still worse defended by a remnant of his discontented subjects. The conqueror followed!—the city fell!—and we were taken prisoners, and sent closely guarded to Sextis. Who can imagine our despair! deprived of honors—of liberty—and ignorant of what might be our ultimate destiny, slavery, or death! No one to fly to our rescue—no brave knight to wield a lance in our defence.

It was then with a sort of melancholy pleasure, I looked back to the period when my beloved Theophilus was also a prisoner in this very fortress "at least," said I, "these walls have echoed the sound of his footsteps—the music of his voice."

A rumor one day reached us during our confinement in the fortress, that a French vessel had arrived, bringing several noble Cyprians. That as soon as they landed, the people manifested the greatest joy—and rallied their forces under one they styled "their prince." I fainted from excess of rapture.

"Who my dear father," I exclaimed, when animation had been restored, "can it be, but Theophilus! Who else would the Cyprians call 'their prince!' He comes to deliver us from a stronger foe." We wept tears of joy in each others arms. Occasionally we heard accounts of his bravery. The Cyprians rallied their fallen energies; and fought under their beloved leader, as if they were determined to wash away the stain of their dishonor by either victory, or death! The slaughter they carried into the hosts of Richard was terrific. yet alas! superior numbers overpowered them—they fell, vanquished on the field, or were taken prisoners. Theophilus was the last to yield. He was conducted in triumph to Richard—who could not refrain from expressing his admiration of the bravery, and of the proud, yet tranquil air of his illustrious captive.

Theophilus was sent to Sextis. He entered loaded with chains! It is impossible to express the different emotions that pervaded my heart, when I beheld him, the beloved—the noble Prince—degraded with the badge of slavery! It was rapture to behold him once more alive! It was misery to witness his disgrace—his despair! He was permitted to visit our apartment. Our first emotions were a commingling of every human passion, from the loftiest heights of rapture! to the lowest depths of woe!

"Ah!" said I, "what wretchedness had been spared us, if your arrival had preceded that of Richard. You would have persuaded my father to receive with kindness those poor shipwrecked soldiers—and Richard would now have been a grateful friend, instead of an implacable enemy. What obstacle did the fates interpose to prevent your earlier return to Limisso? Inform me how you escaped the violent tempest that raged immediately after your departure from Venice?"

Theophilus commenced, by relating the ingenuity of Zozime in alluring him, and retaining him on board of the vessel—his consternation when he found the ship had actually left the shore—his horror and grief, at hearing from Zozime the particulars of the danger that menaced him—the fears he entertained for the safety of a parent—whom, notwithstanding all he had suffered, he still regarded with affection. He even wished to return—to brave all—for he felt sure that his father would repent—that he was then enduring the deepest remorse. He said,

"When we arrived at Venice, I consented to remain only on the condition of their immediate return to Limisso—I endeavored to console myself with the hope that you, dear Princess, would have interposed your influence to protect the life of my father."

"Ah! Prince," said I, "do not reproach me—Heaven has already sufficiently punished us! In our unhappy condition it is cruel to recall useless regrets. Alas! the dying prophecy of Bazile is accomplished. *He will never reign!* Did he not behold the curtains of futurity lifted and read that '*we should become the prey of a conqueror, who would avenge his death on the devoted Cyprians!*' I trembled with fear, and fancied that the spirit of Bazile was hovering around, and exulting in our misfortunes."

Theophilus resumed his narrative.

"When Leonce and Narses arrived at Venice, I learned from them the terrible fate of my father; and decided never to return to Cyprus. Could I expect to enjoy a throne bought by the blood of a parent? I almost persuaded myself that I could sustain an exile from my beloved Sophia—could extinguish in my heart the holy flame that was enkindled there to burn for ever! Leonce represented to me your alarm, and painful anxiety regarding my return—assured me that you were powerless to interfere with the determined Cyprians—that nothing but the life of my father would appease their rage; and that he would sooner or later have fallen their victim. At length, I was prevailed upon to return. We set sail. On the second day of our voyage, we discovered indications of a violent storm—the sailors prepared to meet it. It came—and terrible was its first attack. A second blast—and instant destruction appeared our inevitable fate. The fury of the tempest increased—the heavens were one black pall! Noonday assumed the garb of night! the lightning flashed—the thunder roared along the vaults of Heaven! The rain poured in one vast sheet. The rushing of the mighty blast—the whistling of the cordage—the creaking and groaning of the distressed ship, and the shouts of the sailors, scarcely heard amid the contest of the elements—formed a combination of sounds, terrific, beyond description. The overwhelming grandeur and sublimity of the scene created in me emotions novel, as they were powerful. I forgot all danger while witnessing the terrible struggles of nature. Our decks were swept by seas which tore away every thing, and carried into the jaws of the deep several of our bravest seamen. Three days and nights had passed away, when it was discovered that the vessel had sprung a leak! a seam was rent—and the water rushing [illegible] warned us of approaching death! Despair was painted on every visage. The darkness [illegible] the Heavens remained, but the fury of the wind had in some degree abated—when to our ears came the joyful sound of 'land!—*land!*' I cannot picture to your imagination the effect these words produced. We felt as if raised from death into life—from the gloom of unmitigated despair—to the cheering presence of hope.

"But our joy was of short duration, for our vessel reached breaking to the coast, which was covered with rocks, and proved to be a small uninhabited island separated from the continent of Africa by less than a league. A few of our number were so fortunate as to gain the land, while the remainder were dashed upon the rocks, overwhelmed beneath the raging surge. Exhausted as we were with fatigue, wet, cold and starving; we were animated with the liveliest joy at the faint hope of once more beholding those dear to our hearts. We congratulated each other, and thanked Heaven for its mercy. When morning dawned, we found that our vessel had entirely disappeared—a few floating articles of her cargo were alone seen—among which were a few provisions; which, together with the wild productions of the island, constituted our only sustenance. We managed to hoist a signal during the day, and lighted fires by night, in order to attract the attention of any vessel sailing near the coast.

"Fourteen days had elapsed, when the sight of a sail in the distance gladdened our hearts. It belonged to a large French merchant ship; her crew discovered our signal and hastened to our relief. The captain sent a boat to the shore, and after being apprised of our misfortunes; nay, rank; and desire to reach Cyprus: most kindly offered to convey us to Limisso. We received this kindness with transports of joy, and gratitude.

"The captain treated me with the homage he considered due to my rank; and bestowed every necessary attention upon Narses, Leonce, and the small remnant of our ill-fated crew.

"The captain hoped to be able to make the port of Limisso in twelve or fourteen days; but we were becalmed for nearly a month. This tedious interval was passed by me in a state of extreme impatience. I thought of you, my beloved Sophia, in moments of *peril*, and your image was reflected in my mind—smiling, and encouraging me to hope; but now it appeared as if mourning my prolonged absence, and yielding to the deepest despair! The direst presentiments haunted my imagination; and I prayed even for the whirlwind and tempest, to dissipate this dreadful calm.

"At last a favorable breeze filled our sails, amid the happy exclamations of all, we steered for Cyprus.

"I saw before me the heights of my beloved country. My happiness was excessive. What delights did I not picture? Brief indeed was their duration. Could I credit the truth of my vision? What did I behold? The harbor of Limisso filled with a foreign fleet of warlike appearance! The captain recognized the flag. 'But what are they doing here?' I asked, 'Is their errand friendly, or hostile?' The most tormenting fears assailed me. 'My beloved Sophia—where; and how is she?' I wished to land immediately; but the captain's cooler reason forbade. He advised that we should lie off, until night-fall, and then land behind a small promontory east of the city. We did so; and what followed, I cannot repeat. You know all."

"I know," replied I, "that your patriotism—your desire to rescue your countrymen from slavery; and your attachment to myself, rashly led you to a step, which has resulted in our ruin! It was necessary to fly—to seek the aid of some friendly power—and instead of being a prisoner in chains; you would have been free, and in a position, perhaps, to compel Richard to grant us our liberty—if not restore to us our throne. Now, we are irretrievably lost!"

Three days passed, and we began to express our gratitude at being allowed to share each others improvements; yet the uncertainty of the future, and our total ignorance of Richard's intentions, created the most painful anxieties.

On the fourth day we were together lamenting with tears our untoward fate. Theophilus kneeling at my side, was holding my hands within his own, when Richard abruptly entered the apartment.

Theophilus arose—and with modest dignity, addressed the king.

"Your majesty is a witness of our grief. It is for liberty we pine—give us that, and we ask not for the throne you have seized! You are a king, respect the rights of kings! Isaac, Sophia, and myself, are sad examples, which ought to instruct you that sovereigns and princes are like other men, exposed to great reverses. Even a conqueror may justly tremble, when he looks upon the *conquered!*"

Richard, during this time had not withdrawn his attention from me—I trembled under his bold eye. He then turned to Theophilus; and said in an imperious tone,

"Audacious boy! darest thou to teach me lessons of magnanimity! A generous king, subdued by the power of my arm, should see my hand extended to raise him: but a prince capable of insulting, and imprisoning strangers wrecked upon his domains; a barbarous king, like Isaac, ought only to expect, and would certainly receive, at my hands, a just retribution. The Cyprians wish never to be again submitted to the tyrannical dominion of the inhuman Isaac. The isle of Cyprus is my conquest; I shall dispose of it as I will—Isaac and thyself are mine also. Conquered as thou art—and threatened with future evil—I envy thee. I perceive a mutual attachment exists between thyself and the Princess Sophia. Why was I not informed of this? Why did I suffer you to meet! but, take thy last look—thou wilt never behold her more. To-morrow you will depart for England, there to bewail her loss, while Isaac, at Tripoli under the weight of his chains shall feel the effects of my past vengeance!*"

When I heard these terrible words, my courage, and my pride forsook me.

"My father in chains," cried I, "Oh! sire, soften your resentment, add not to captivity the disgrace of irons, and permit us at least to weep together our misfortunes. And Theophilus! how has he offended? He has, it is true, fought for his country, for the throne he was to share; and sire would you have done this? Be just to him; be generous to my father; leave not a maiden without her natural protector; her only parent! I embrace your knees thus humbly for his sake."

"Madame," replied Richard, "fear nothing for yourself; your father shall not be loaded with irons.* He shall be accompanied by Theophilus. You will remain here."

The frightful excess of grief into which we were plunged; instead of creating pity in the barbarous Richard's heart; only excited his rage. He called for his guards to tear us asunder; for we were locked in each others arms. With screams of despair I saw my aged father; my beloved Theophilus borne from my presence. I fainted; a lingering illness succeeded, and—but I need tell you no more, you know all.

(Here ends the autobiography of the Princess. But the narrative is continued by one of her ladies in the third person.)

The dazzling beauty of the Princess Sophia, her exquisite grace, and the fascinating charm of her manner, excited in Richard's heart the most powerful passion. He forgot all else, disregarded every tie of honor, every feeling of humanity. He resolved if possible to obtain her affections, if not, to possess by force that which she refused to yield. By depriving her of the protection of her father and affianced husband; he believed, (although her feelings thereby received the most powerful shock, inasmuch as for a time her reason was destroyed, and her life in imminent danger,) that eventually she would be led by his allurements; his devotion to her every comfort, and anticipation of every desire combined with the most delicate attention to return his passion. Lawless Prince! he understood not the mind of Sophia, which, tried by misfortune, gained new strength, and assisted by unshaken constancy, and the purest principles, withstood his every blandishments. She saw only in him the persecutor! the tyrant! who had deprived her of all she valued in life; and the unfaithful husband of the young and beautiful Berangaria of Navare.

Richard accompanied by his Queen, and the Princess Sophia departed for Palestine, where his prowess as a warrior gained him the loftiest fame. In vain did he gather fresh laurels, in vain did he conquer the bravest knights, he won no favor from her whom he alone sought to please. She dissembled not her sentiments; but lavished upon him the severest reproaches. He always found her armed with a countenance full of contempt and indignation, or subdued by grief, bathed in tears.

Richard placed a guard over the Princess, the commandant of which was Breze, a gentleman of Anjou. He had secretly manifested for her a degree of pity and interest, of which she resolved to take advantage. She disclosed to him a plan she had formed to gain her liberty, and entreated his assistance.

Philip Augustus, King of France, had until recently been in league with Richard, they were now implacable enemies, and she cherished a hope, that if she could succeed in conveying a letter to Philip, narrating her history, and detention by Richard, that so brave a hero would not suffer her to remain longer in captivity. Breze not only promised to find means to convey a letter, but offered to assist her in acquiring the French language, in order to facilitate the correspondence.

When Philip received the letter from Sophia he was moved by its tone of sorrow, and charmed with its graceful expressions. He devoutly wished to rescue from Richard the oppressed Princess; but motives of state policy prevented him from obeying the dictates of his heart. He therefore returned a reply, "That if she could find means without his aid to effect her escape, she had permission to retire into his dominions, where he promised to bestow upon her his kingly protection."

Sophia perused these words with excessive chagrin, then turning to Breze, said,

"See what a fate is mine, to whom shall I now look for assistance! I am in despair."

"Madame," respectfully answered he, "fear not. I will exert the most powerful efforts to effect your release. I appreciate your sorrow; and if there is a power of invention to my mind or strength in my arm, you shall yet be free! But we must work slowly, despair not, take courage, and your father and the Prince Theophilus shall yet be restored."

Sophia was animated with the liveliest gratitude, and assured him that "patience and resignation should leave no room for despair."

Richard having concluded a treaty with Saladin, made preparations to return to England, and considered it necessary for many reasons, that his fair captive should be conveyed to his kingdom in some safe manner without his immediate protection. He had perfect confidence in the integrity of Breze while under his personal supervision; but his natural distrust would not permit him to confide so precious a charge to his sole care.

The vessel Richard selected to convey the Princess was owned and commanded by an Englishman of the name of Turnham. Breze was ordered to continue at the head of her guard. The king's excessive jealousy prevented him from paying the respect due to her rank by appointing one or more of his nobles to accompany her.

When Sophia was first acquainted by Richard of his plans, hope whispered, "you may be rescued from his power, shipwreck, or some more fortunate accident may bestow upon you liberty."

"Yes," she said to Breze, "all-pitying Heaven may look down in mercy upon my misfortunes—may interfere to save the unoffending Sophia from a fate worse than death! Yet, alas! I go far—far distant from Theophilus; here, at least, I breathe in the same climate, the same air. Here—I can sometimes through your invaluable kindness—learn that he is well, is alive! I ask not of Heaven my liberty; without the consequence may be the rescue of my venerable father, and my beloved Theophilus."

Richard, almost in despair at finding that he had made no progress toward obtaining the affections of Sophia, resorted to stratagem; and commanded Breze to acquaint her that Theophilus was dead. "For," said he, "I believe her love for him is the only obstacle that opposes itself to my desires. Ah! lovely Sophia, how I shall riot in thy grief; beautiful as thou art in every varying expression, the majestic, imposing passion of grief imparts new beauties to thy matchless person."

Breze executed the king's commands in the most cautious manner. He became violently alarmed at the effect it produced; and prayed Heaven to forgive him, if, through his temporary participation in such refined cruelty, her reason or her life should fall a sacrifice.

Richard soon followed Breze into her apartment, and fear mingled with his admiration. Her robes were disordered; her beautiful hair had escaped from its fillet of gems, and fell in luxuriant masses to her very feet. She personated the statue of Grief, pale as its marble, her features wore its convulsed, yet stony impression!

The time appointed for Sophia's departure drew near. She had recovered in some degree her health and animation; for Breze had taken an early opportunity to acquaint her with the cruel deception that had been practised, cautioning her at the same time to conceal from the jealous and suspicious Richard the cause of her returning vivacity.

"Allow him to attribute the change in your demeanor to himself, and all will be well. If he has the least cause to doubt my fidelity, your escape will be impossible. My zeal has hitherto proved fruitless; but I hope the time is before me, when I shall be permitted to serve you effectively. I am inspired with a degree of prudence that will not allow me to commit myself: stratagem, and even deceit, I will practice to obtain your release from such unjust imprisonment, and restoration to those you love." Sophia's grateful emotions struggled for utterance.

"Ah! what! good and kind Breze, would have been my fate if the tyrant Richard had appointed any other than yourself to the station you occupy?"

The Princess embarked for England a few days after this conversation. Richard visited the ship in order to assure himself that every thing had been arranged for her comfort, and also to give a few parting instructions to Breze and Turnham. To each, with strict injunctions of secrecy, he gave a written order, the purport of which will hereafter be disclosed. Richard then bade adieu to Sophia, and retired; animated with the hope that she would meet him in his own dominions with flattering kindness; and satisfied with the precautions he had taken to guard those to whose care he had committed her.

Captain Turnham's apparent age was thirty-eight or forty; his person was tall, and well made; his countenance bold and haughty, wore at the same time a sinister expression, which prevented the beholder from imbibing a prepossession in his favor. His passions and interests were his sole guides. In the attainment of any particular desire, he hesitated not to employ the most dishonorable means. Such was the character of an individual whom Richard believed worthy of the confidence reposed in him. The Princess recoiled from his bold glances and shuddered with prophetic fear! She read in a moment the wide contrasts between this man and the noble Breze, whose commanding person, and mild, yet speaking countenance, interested every one who beheld him.

Sophia passed the principal portion of her time alone with Leonora (her former governess, and still faithful companion.) Breze with a true delicacy seldom visited her. Turnham, on the contrary, sought every occasion to present himself before her. No conversation was ever held between them, he being ignorant both of the French and Sophia's native tongue. She always beheld him approach with a disgust she could with difficulty conceal, and a fear that tortured her, for she read in his countenance the passion with which she had inspired him. Yes! he had dared to look upon her with the eyes of love! say rather with a passion that bears no resemblance to that pure instinct of young and innocent hearts.

Turnham ventured, one day, after some preliminary remarks, to acknowledge his passion for the beautiful princess. Breze, confounded at his boldness and audacity, still preserved sufficient prudence to enable him to conceal his real sensations and feign apparent satisfaction.

"Do not believe," said Turnham, "that my passion is of recent growth. I saw her in her father's gardens before she was divested of the regal splendor that surrounded her when Isaac reigned in Cyprus. I was one of the individuals seized and imprisoned by him; from the bars of my prison I fed my eyes with her transcendant beauty, and caused the rank that divided us. And when Richard arrived, conquered, and imprisoned them, I rejoiced because she was brought a little nearer to myself. Now, I would dare to snatch her from my royal master! and if you will befriend me nothing will be more easy.

"This vessel is my own; I can sail to any land, I will never return to England. She has been under your care a long period; you can speak her language; she can speak yours; she appears to confide in you, and you appear to pity her—speak! are you my friend? Ha! you turn pale, you are agitated, you love her! *Thus will I obey my orders,*"—saying these words, he drew his poignard, and with furious looks darted toward Breze.

"Hold!" exclaimed Breze—"hear me—I love not the Princess Sophia—I pity her misfortunes; I would, for her sake, that she were freed from captivity. The peace and happiness of our honored Queen, and the welfare of the State require that Richard should abandon this absorbing passion. I am ready to unite in any feasible project; (provided it receive her approval)—that may restore her to liberty—and place her within the protection of some government hostile to Richard."

"Your discourse is generous—nevertheless, it answers not my question. Will you consent to aid me in obtaining the Princess for my wife? She detests Richard—Theophilus is dead—and her remaining affection for him, is, I flatter myself, the only obstacle to my success. It is a cruel torture to love without the hope of return. Alas! I cannot express to her my passion in words; being ignorant of every language with which she is acquainted. Speak to the Princess for me; tell her I adore her; that I wish to rescue her from slavery; that to make her happiness is all I desire. Say that I will take her to Venice, or to any other country she may prefer; and where she will be safe from the power of Richard. In the mean time, if you consent to befriend me—teach me your language—love will hasten my progress. Speak! answer me favorably, for your life is in my hands!"

"Turnham, are you aware that according to the written command of our Sovereign, your life is already forfeited? Behold this order for your instant death at my hands, the moment you dare to exhibit the slightest predilection for the Princess Sophia! I give it to you, as a pledge of my wish to serve your interests, and through yours, those of Sophia."

"Ah! Richard has failed at least, in one stroke of policy. Shall I surprise you by producing a *fac-simile* of this order in regard to yourself, Breze! *So, the King hoped to protect his Dove, from the grasp of the Hawk!* ha! ha! ha! How his majesty will rave when he finds he is baulked. Breze—your hand—thus be our compact sealed."

Left alone, Breze ruminated upon what had passed, and enquired what of his conscience "if he was justified in practising such deception! Yes—it is to save a lovely and amiable Princess from the horrible fate that threatens her on every side. I know the violence of Turnham's character; I could have dealt with him in no other way. I must now seek the Princess, and instruct her what course to pursue. Alas! what did I avow to Turnham! 'that I loved her not.' Would to Heaven this unhappy destiny were not mine to struggle with. The moment I had spoken, the fancy that darted through my heart, betrayed to me the truth of what I had only before suspected. Adored, and unhappy Princess! never shall love of mine add to thy grief. I will die to serve thee—and only feel too happy if I secure thy gratitude."

He entered the presence of Sophia, wearing, in despite of his struggles to maintain the contrary, a troubled air. She started, and enquired,

"What new grief is in store for me?"

"None, Madame, that may not be turned to your advantage. Arm yourself with courage: betray not by emotion your fears. Precaution, and even dissimulation are necessary in order that you may be extricated from the dangers that threaten you. *Turnham loves you!* He has dared to declare it to me; and to propose a plan whereby he can gain possession of you."

"Ah," returned Sophia, "my fears were just. I read in the traitor's face the wishes of his heart. What has not offended Heaven in store for me! You would be justified should you execute the command of your King. You! punish the traitor! and return me into Richard's hands. If I cannot escape slavery; the yoke of a King will be the least odious."

"No! Princess; I can attack an armed enemy, but I could never stoop to become a treacherous assassin. When I received from Richard the bloody order, dictated by his jealousy, I resolved only to use it for your safety—which I conceived could be done without obeying the spirit of its instructions. I have given it to Turnham in order to render him subservient to my will."

"I will be responsible for the success of the enterprise, which I meditate, if you can be prevailed upon to second me."

"My esteem for you, generous Breze, should be a guarantee of my confidence. For the obligations already conferred; nothing can diminish my gratitude. Happy am I, in my misfortune, to have found a friend so magnanimous, and sincere. "Yes," she added, at the same time presenting her hand; "I will depend *upon you*; instruct me, and I will obey."

"Noble Princess, I am penetrated by your kindness to one so humble; I live but to save you."

Breze then repeated at Sophia's request, the substance of Turnham's conversation. "I pretended," said he, "to lend myself to further the designs of this desperado, in order to secure my own safety, and consequently yours; for if you were to be deprived of my protection, what would be your unhappy fate? Dissimulation on your part is imperative. It is not a vice when employed to penetrate; contend with; and overthrow criminal projects; or, when used to protect one's life. Endeavor to appear the same to Turnham; let him not discover in your manner new cause for affliction; manifest not more than usual inquietude."

Breze passed a sleepless night: he saw the perils he incurred; and the difficulties he had to surmount. On the morrow he sought an interview with Turnham: but concealed from him the fact that Sophia was already acquainted with his passion. Policy dictated this course.

"I feared," said he to Turnham, "the effect a sudden knowledge of your attachment might cause: that perhaps, the affection of Theophilus being still fresh in her memory—you might become to her an object of hatred, and reproach. This, of course, would destroy all our plans. Allow time to operate on the heart of the Princess. Endeavor first to gain her gratitude; show pity for her fate; assure her through me, that you are ready to dare every thing, to extricate her from the power of Richard; for this, is the point towards which her eyes are directed. A feeling of satisfaction, a glimmering of hope will then visit her mind—which will weaken her sorrow—and insensibly efface the strength of her affection for Theophilus. You will thus inspire her with gratitude; and *gratitude is the parent of love*. Be ready to obey all her wishes. To whatever country she wishes to proceed, consent to convey her without hesitation. You will soon be enabled through my instruction to speak a few words in French; and then you can express to her the extent of your regard. Let us now visit the Princess, and in your presence, I will mention to her your compassion for her situation, and desire to ameliorate her grief—you will then see in what manner she receives your kindness."

"Come, let us hasten," replied Turnham, "I am all impatience to behold her. I appreciate the wisdom of your counsel; and will follow your instructions."

They appeared before her. Turnham expressed by looks, and gestures his pleasure at seeing her. Breze said in French "*every thing proceeds as I desire.*" Sophia's countenance lighted up at these words.

"You can reply to me," said Breze, for he (looking towards his companion) cannot understand us; but while you are speaking, look towards him with an air of pleasure. This course is necessary—remember you agreed to follow my instructions. Life, or death! Liberty, or slavery!—is the stake we play for."

Turnham, enchanted at the appearance of smiles on the countenance of Sophia; enquired of Breze her answer.

"She says she is sensible of your generosity, and wishes your royal master possessed an equal share."

"Ah! what sense, and dignity the Princess displays; protect to her that she is absolute mistress of this vessel, and its commander. Let her name the country she prefers for her asylum, and thither I will conduct her."

Breze repeated this to Sophia, and advised her to advance and present her hand to Turnham as a token of thanks; and at the same time mention the name of the country she selected.

The Princess executed all with a good grace—"*Allons en France,*" said she; and Turnham delighted with this affability kissed her hand with a deferential air, and said—"Yes to France we will go. Philip is the enemy of Richard; we shall be safe in his dominions. We will sail at once for Cette."

To be Continued.

* Richard sent Isaac to Tripoli manacled with massive chains of silver—thereby evading his promise to Sophia.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

The Miser.

BY M. W. ROCKWELL.

The mouse crept out of the old stone wall
To search for the precious store,
And he wandered silently through the hall,
And gnawed at the bolted door;
And the gray-haired miser turned his head—
He turned his head and swore!

And there he sat with his sunken eyes
That old man thin and pale,
While the wind in broken symphonies
Through the creaking blinds made wail,
And the raven croaked on the battlement
In the rising autumn-gale.

Over his shoulder a direful look
At the bolted door gave he,
And his knees in his thread-bare breeches shook
Like the limbs of a withered tree,
When the shrill wind shrieks on the mountain-top
In its midnight agony!

Ah! sad and fearful to look upon
Were those glassy eyes of his,
For a soul shone out of them, had done
Much in its day amiss,
And thought was a dark and bitter thing
Unto that man, I wis!

A dark and a bitter thing it was,
For his heart was dry and cold,
And he had been deaf to the widow's cause,
For the sake of his precious gold.
Counting it o'er, year out year in,
In that room so dim and old.

The old man gazed at the bolted door
And muttered to himself,
For he thought of his heaps of shining ore,
And all his ill-got pelf
In the good strong chests that, side by side,
Stood locked on his cellar-shelf.

Then paler and paler waxed his cheek,
For the storm-wind fiercer grew,
And the raven with a dismal shriek
Against the window flew,
And the lightning through the pitch-black night
The glare of a demon threw!

And the gloomy thunder moaned on high,
As the huge clouds, dark with rain,
Like an army of ragged fiends swept by
From the wind-tossed ocean-main;
Slowly and solemn, and black as death,
Mid the roar of the hurricane.

Long years passed over that lonely house
But the foot of man no more
Was heard by the small gray garret-mouse,
That gnawed in the shattered floor,
Till a wild grim-visaged outlaw came
And unbolted that oaken door.

But he rushed from that room with cheeks as white
As the cheeks of dead men are
Ah me!—such a sad and woful sight
That strong-nerved man saw there!
'T would have curdled the blood in his fiery heart
Had it been like the heart of a bear

For his arms had clasped a skeleton cold,
That sat in the solemn gloom,
Beside a coffer of precious gold,
In that dark and lonely room;
And this was all that was ever known
Of the gray-haired miser's doom!

Ladies Department.

The Early Called.

O, she was too beautiful to die. Is there any thing that darts through the world so swiftly as a sunbeam!
Landor's Pericles and Aspasia.

I have seen a lovely flower open its petals in the dewy morning, and as it shed its sweet smiles upon its companions and filled the balmy air with fragrance, an invisible something caused it to droop from the parent stem, and in a little while it lay on the damp earth—faded and soiled. And precisely such, was the fate of that young creature, whose memory I now commemorate.

Only three short summers did her Maker permit her to live in this wilderness world. She was the pride of her father, the joy of her mother, and the dear, dear playmate of three sisters, her superiors in age, but not less gifted in personal and intellectual accomplishments. Often have I seen those four delicate children, on a Sabbath afternoon, kneeling around their father's chair, and heard them recite their catechism and prayers, with folded hands, and upraised eyes, and I have thought that at such an hour, the angels of heaven have paused in their hosannas, as if jealous of that bright possession of the earth. How often, too, while passing their happy home, have I heard a merry peal of laughter, and in the fullness of my heart, thanked the great Creator for these human flowers. A few weeks ago, they sported under the shadow of the elm before their cottage door—crowned with rose buds, and making melody in their hearts, even as the little birds around them. But alas! the scene is changed. Instead of the joyous smile and ringing laugh, three of those children are now clothed in the weeds of mourning, and a plaintive dirge is the only music in their home. The youngest one of them has gone to Heaven. Her sister spirits in Heaven, bowed before the throne of God, and craved permission to call her hence, and therefore it is that she has left the earth.

I have just returned from the funeral. Most of the attendants had reached the house of mourning when I arrived. The father and mother and sisters of the deceased, were seated near the head of the coffin, all of them sobbing as if their very hearts would break; and need I say that many an eye beside, was moistened by the sorrowful and sympathetic tear! The coffin lid was raised, and one after another,—the friends approached and took a farewell gaze of the unconscious dead. I could hardly realize that the innocent being whom I had so often caressed and kissed and sported with, was thus insensible to the genial atmosphere which surrounded her. There was no change in her features, save that her eyes were closed, and the paleness of marble was on her cheeks and lips. The same smile, the same dimple, the same curling hair were there, that had been her's in the vigor of life. A delicate white lilly, and a rose-geranium leaf were resting upon her bosom—fit emblems of her purity and loveliness. As I resumed my seat, this exclamation escaped the lips of the bereaved father—"O how little space do we require after we are dead!" and the minister replied, "Ah! yes! and the rich and far-famed require no more than the poor and the obscure." These words found a resting-place in my memory, and I pondered them in my heart.

And now when all was still, the silver-haired minister knelt in the midst of that mourning company, and offered up to God a long, earnest and appropriate prayer. It was a strange scene—that aged man kneeling beside the coffin of that little child. After this, the following words were sung, and the procession moved slowly to the burying ground.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own. *Mrs. Hemans.*

The body of the young, the beautiful and good, was laid in the damp cold tomb, but her immortal part had gone to that kingdom where sorrow and sighing are never known.

I was the last to leave the new made grave, and I lingered long after the church yard gate was closed, by the old sexton. My thoughts were about death, and with the dead. The sun was near his setting, and as I looked upon the clouds brightening and fading, coming and going, I thought of the glories of heaven, and longed to be free from the bondage of sin and the grave. In a remote corner of the burying ground, I discovered a wild rose bush covered with blossoms. With careful hands I transplanted it to the grave of the early called, and retired. In about five minutes, while standing upon an elevation, a sweet song fell upon my ear, and looking back, I beheld an evening bird perched upon the rose bush, singing *his* plaintive dirge, and swinging to and fro.—*Lanman's Essays.*

The Stars.

How often have I gazed upon them and said, "What are they?" In childhood I thought them glittering gems, like the bright things of earth, and was delighted to see them sparkling in the heavens; and even since, how oft have I looked upon them with feelings of deep but undefined curiosity!

Though philosophy sublimely reasoned that they are worlds, and form a part of the material creation, yet in the poetry of my feelings, I have imagined they were the wandering spirits of an ethereal world—the bright inhabitants of a region more glorious than our own. I have queried if they were not the arbiters of our fate—the good or evil genii that presided at our nativity, and that still watch over and control the events of our life.

The hoary astronomer of olden time, in his midnight reveries, felt the mysterious influence of these living fires, and yielded his soul to the belief of their magic power. In the darkness of a mind, into which the pure light of Christianity had not shined, he would fain have deified the hosts of heaven, and called them gods which were no gods; and the poet in all time, even he who sings in the blessed light of the Gospel day, has first caught the divine inspiration of the muses, and felt the fires of fancy glow and burn within him, while contemplating the varying beauty of the stars. The ancients, in the depth of their poetical imagination, listened to the music of the spheres; and the ear of the pious modern, whose imagination is not less vivid in conception, with more truth and reason, nightly hears the chorus of the stellar lights in harmonious measure repeating—

"The Hand that made us is divine."

Myriads of years have rolled away since first that star beamed forth in its brightness. The "orb now o'er me quivering," was one of the radiant band that hymned the birth of this fair creation. Adam, happy in paradise, saw it set, a bright gem in the coronet of the skies. Noah, from the world of waters, looked out upon it, and was gladdened by its peaceful ray. From the plains of Bethlehem the shepherds descried it, when summoned from their midnight watch, they hastened to behold and adore the infant Saviour.

Forgiveness.

How beautifully falls
From Human lips that blessed word—forgive
Forgiveness—it is the attribute of gods—
The sound which openeth heaven—renews again
On Earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lessons of humility,
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.

Poetry.

Poetry, in its true sense, is not a thing to be printed on paper or bound in books. Its seat is not in cramped manuscripts or gilded volumes, but in the deep heart of man. The most glowing numbers, which the poet may use to convey to others a sense of what he feels, will not find a response in every breast. Words that burn will not always kindle thoughts that breathe. The deaf serpent will not regard the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The dim eye may be turned toward a scene instinct with beauty, yet there is the same dull blank as everywhere. So, poetry is a sealed book to that reader who feels no sympathy with the writer. The string when touched may make the sweetest music, but can waken a responsive note in none but those that chord with it. Let a man approach any production with a mind bustling with prejudices on all sides, and he will surely be blind to its merits. Let him even be indifferent, but unable to appreciate the views of the author or partake of his feelings, and there is little likelihood that he will do him justice. Where, however, a sympathy exists, the case is far different, and every line comes home to the reader with power. The rude peasant will feel his breast expand and his pulse quicken at the sound of the most artless ballad of his native land, when all the splendor of Byron and the organ-tones of Milton would fall powerless on his ear.

Modes of Coining.

Formerly, in England, there was a mint in nearly every county in the realm. As the principles of government became better understood, the privilege of coining money was tacitly conceded, and wisely too in a monarchy, to be a royal prerogative. It should always be the exclusive right of the supreme authority of the land to regulate this essential, life-giving stimulus of national industry and individual enterprise, or it would be so debased, without the incessant vigilance of the law, that it would become utterly valueless.

From all we can discover in the history of the past, the multiplication of money has invariably belonged exclusively to the state. Till within a comparatively short period of two hundred and eighty years, the process of coining was extremely rude and unsatisfactory—being nothing more than placing a flat piece of gold or silver between two dies, engraven with letters or devices, and striking the upper one with a hammer sufficiently forcibly to make an impression in relief. This was rightly enough called *hammered money*, being in harmony with the spirit and letter of contracts in those days, which expressly provided for payment in *hammered money*; and meaning much the same as *current money*, with us. So far as the beauty of the pieces was concerned, it was invariably imperfect, arising from the difficulty of placing the dies exactly over each other, and striking a uniform blow. In a large portion of the old Spanish dollars, and particularly on the margins of the pistareens, there is the appearance of inequality in width as well as thickness—resulting from a sliding, as it were, of the dies.

The French are wisely entitled to the credit of having invented the coining press, first used in the palace of Henry II. between 1550 and 1553.

Henry III., however, re-established the hammer dies, on account of the cheapness of manufacturing with the old tools. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the press was introduced into England, but in about ten years abandoned on the same account as in France. In 1645, Louis XIV again patronised the new money-mill, and in 1623 it was again revived in England, although alternately used with the hammer and dies till 1662, when its utility was completely established over the old and antique process.

Coining is now performed in the tower of London, as at Philadelphia, Charleston, and New Orleans, by steam power. Eight presses, attended by as many small boys, will coin 19,000 pieces of any denomination of money in one hour; and the machine in the meantime registers itself the exact number, so that it is literally impossible for a workman to deceive the overseer.

A Genuine Woman Hater.—"Pray sir, will you never marry?" said a fair girl to a brown old bachelor. "Ahem! why—I don't know—yes, madam—I might get married, perhaps, if it were possible to get married to any thing but a woman."

Farmers Department.

The Orchard.

Fruit.—As the time is coming on apace when orchards should be planted out, we conceive it to be our duty to remind our agricultural readers, that if they design putting out an orchard of *Apple* trees this fall, the sooner they plough the ground allotted to it the better; nor need we tell them that all ground designed for such purpose, should be ploughed as deep as a strong team can penetrate the earth. Indeed, were we about to prepare a field for the purpose, we would not be content without the use of a substratum plough, as we believe that the deeper the earth be moved, the greater certainty there will be of the trees living and growing vigorously, as it is all-important that the lateral or smaller roots should be enabled to expand themselves with as little impediment as possible. Nor would we dream of planting out an orchard without thoroughly manuring the land with some good alimentary manure, besides giving to it a liberal dose of lime. In the distribution of the latter, we should take special care to spread an extra allowance around the trunk of each of the trees, for at least a circle of two feet.

The hole.—In digging the hole to receive the tree, we should be careful to have it *sufficiently wide* to enable us to insert it without bending any of its fibrous or lateral roots, deeming it essential to preserve them entire, and to give them a situation without restraint.

The position of the Tree.—The tree itself should have by all means, an upright position, and be protected by a stake from the shaking of the winds.

Depth of the hole.—As to the depth of the hole, that should be at least a foot deeper than it is contemplated that the end of the *tap-root* of the tree should rest. This space should be filled up with a rich compost composed of thoroughly rotted manure, and mould from the woods, and a small proportion of spent ashes, or lime, say one-twentieth of the entire mass. Around the lateral roots, so as to cover them, the same compost should be placed; as the latter is put in, let a bucket or two of water be thrown in, so that the earth may be well settled around the roots. This done, let the earth dug out of the hole be thrown in, first making it fine with the spade, ramming it gently down, from time to time, until the vacuum is entirely filled. This done, with the remainder of the earth, form around the tree, a shallow basin, to act as a recipient for the water whenever it may rain. The objects to be gained by making the hole deeper than the tree is to be inserted is two-fold—first, it affords an opportunity for the tap-root to penetrate the soil without difficulty—and secondly, if the season should be one of wetness, it will act as a drain to carry off the superabundance of water which might otherwise remain to the injury of the young roots.

Depth of planting.—As to the depth which the tree is to be planted, we have only to remark, that it should be the same as that at which it grew before its removal from the nursery. In a few days after the trees are planted, they should be carefully examined, and wherever it is found that the earth is not compactly fixed around the tree, a spade or two more should be placed about the stem and rammed in; and if the weather should be mild, open and dry, a small quantity of water should be thrown on it to assist in settling down the earth.

Subsequent treatment of the Orchard.—The practice of sowing small grain and grass, in orchards, is one that should be reformed altogether, for either serves to impede the growth of trees, impair their healthfulness, and to act as harbors for those insects which prey upon their vitality. *Corn* and *roots* may be grown therein with evident advantage, and whenever orchards are left without crops, they should be ploughed occasionally, in order that the vegetation which they may bear, shall be returned to the earth as pabulum to nourish the trees, and that the soil may be placed in a condition to drink in the refreshing dews as they descend from heaven.

Reasonableness of our plan.—It may be objected to our plan that it imposes trouble and labor. True it does; but as any thing which is worthy of being done at all should be well done, and as in setting out an orchard we are doing a labor which is to last for half a century, no pains should be spared to do it in the best possible way. But when it is considered that all the additional labor of our plan over the ordinary one, will not amount to more than a week's labor of two hands, it is scarcely worth being taken into the account against a matter of such lasting importance as that which we are treating upon.

The selection of the Trees is a thing of great moment. Every care should be taken to procure none but the *best* varieties, and to have them to ripen at different periods. To ensure this result, the person, or nursery, from whom or at which the trees may be purchased, should be of such reputation as to forbid the suspicion of being imposed upon.

The exposure of the Orchard is important; and we incline to the belief, that a north-west exposure is best, as it prevents the too early budding of the trees in the spring.

The soil best adapted to the growth of the apple, is a deep moist soil, (not wet,) and it matters but little, whether it be on a hill, on a hill side, or on a plain, or whether the location be rocky or not. We should in the selection avoid clays of a tough tenacious character, as besides being difficult of culture, such soils are apt to retain too much wet.

The distance of the Trees apart comes next, and we are of opinion that forty feet is about the right distance.

Fruit.—Having disposed of the subject of the Apple orchard, we would turn the attention of our reader to the consideration of providing other fruits for the convenience and comfort of his family, if he has not done so already—as *Peaches, Cherries, Pears, Quinces, Plums, Damsons, Apricots,* &c. A few of each of these planted in the lanes, around the house, and in the garden, will answer for all the purposes of the family, as well as to treat a neighbor, or friend, when either may visit you. Besides the accumulation of worldly gear, we hold it, that the cultivation of the social relations of life, should enter largely into the calculations of all of us. No head of a family, in the country, should consider the appointments of his farm complete until he shall have provided himself with a sufficient number of trees of each of these fruits, to furnish a supply to his family during their respective seasons, as well for the purposes of ordinary consumption as for those of preserving and drying. Give a notable housewife the necessary kinds of fruits for such purposes, and the table of her husband, at but small expense, will at all times be well supplied with those delicacies, which while they impart variety and adorn his board, gratify alike the appetite of his children, and that natural and commendable *pride*, which every mother of a *family* should be indulged in. We are far from being the advocate of extravagance; nor would we sacrifice the necessaries and substantial comforts of life, in the pursuit of the elegancies and luxuries, but we do maintain that where the latter, to a certain extent can be conveniently obtained, that we are each and all bound by every ennobling consideration of duty, to provide them, as the happiness of one's family should be among the most cherished aspirations of every man's heart.—*A. Farmer.*

The Greek Classics.

In regard to the extraordinary merits of Homer and the other great classics, I know not whether it be greater madness to deny them or folly to attempt to *prove* them. To reason upon the beauties of the ancients with those who know little or nothing of them would be like arguing with men upon an unknown subject in an unknown language. To uphold them to stubborn utilitarians, who discard all relics of the past as so much useless lumber, were an idle and thankless task. And to demonstrate them to those who are familiar with them would be to convince them of what they already feel in their inmost hearts. But to the sincere young student, not yet inoculated with the vanity of imaginary wisdom, but whose natural repulsion to laborious studies is fortified by the reckless denunciations of antiquity, so prevalent of late, a brief argument may be addressed; an argument, which, appealing to his deference for age and experience, may fix his wavering purpose and cheer his faltering steps. The claims of those ever-venerated worthies have long been perfectly and irrevocably settled by the best species of evidence the matter will admit, the coincident testimony of all who have read them enough to judge of them. If you reject this criterion of merit, you are out at open sea, with neither chart nor compass. You have never seen them decried in an author of tried solidity and established fame. They are never denounced by old and prudent dignitaries, whether in Church or State. The few who raise their voices against them are either shallow sciolists, depreciating what they understand not, or bold innovators, theorizing for the sake of theory, and uttering absurdities as their only chance of being original. Grimke is the only able writer of this country who has opposed the cultivation of classic knowledge; and he presented the singular spectacle of an eminent man striving to dry up the fountain whence he derived his eminence. Could he have "seen himself as others saw him," he would have perceived that his arguments were specious only from their classical splendor of embellishment, and his eloquence captivating only because he had studied with a diligence seldom equalled the bright pages whose brightness he denied. It is utterly impossible to suppose that all the great minds which have been so sweetly enthralled by these productions; minds too of the most various endowments, and far remote from all suspicion of prejudiced partiality; can have been mistaken in their enthusiasm. They were not the men to shout "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" to an imaginary goddess. The most eminent characters of modern times, while mingling in the affairs of court and camp, and when thoroughly conversant and often largely participant in the literature of their day, have stolen many a delicious hour from care and toil, and jealousy and strife, and renewed their vows in the serious devotion of age at the shrine of their youthful idolatry. After making all due allowance for the influence of association and the force of early habit, there still must remain something marvellously great and fine in those remnants of antique art, to have held these powerful and polished intellects in such charming bondage.